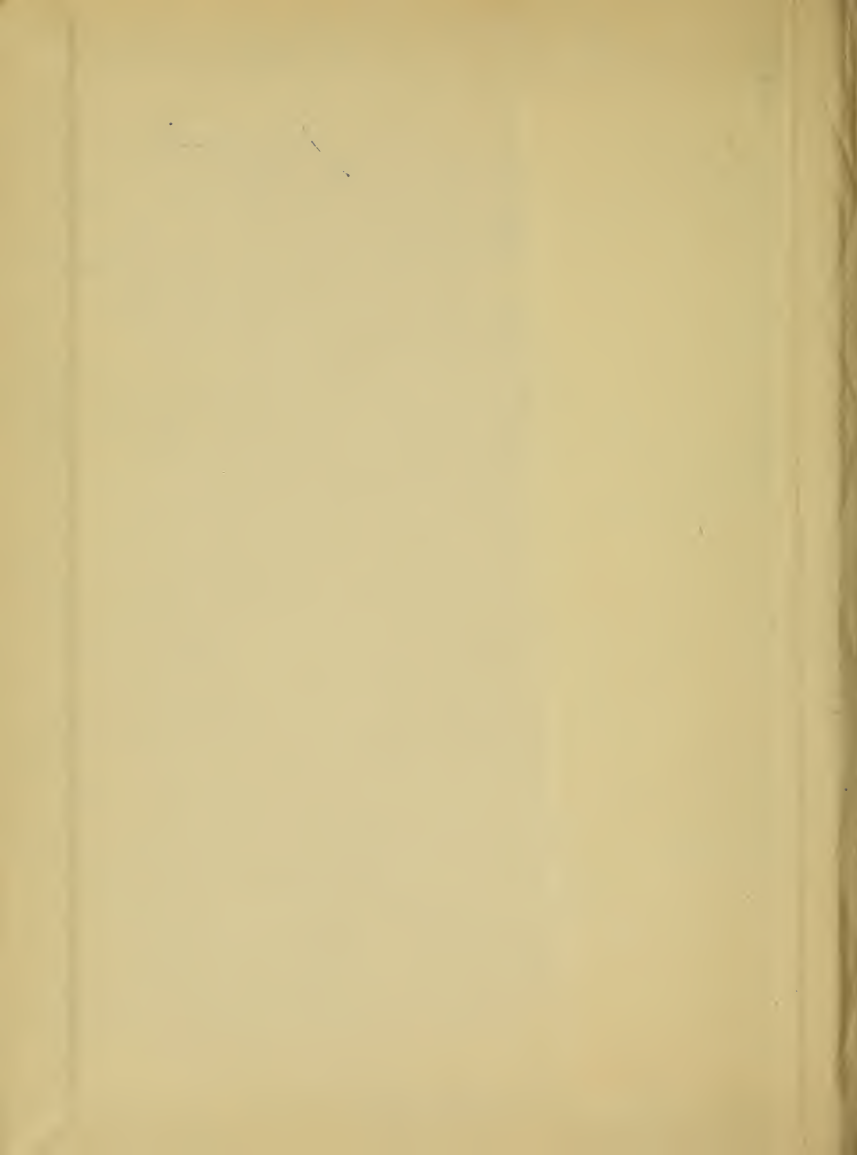








no 27

ART NOTES

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE

MACBETH GALLERY

450 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

March, 1909

No. 37

One of my possessions of which I am very proud is Mr. La Farge's great picture, "Kwaunon Meditating on Human Life." It was commenced twenty years ago and only finished last year. It is a strikingly beautiful example of the work of this very distinguished artist. Its only public exhibition was in the collection of contemporary work recently shown in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington.

This and the "Centauress" still in possession of the artist are the finest representative pictures now obtainable. It will be a great pity if both are not secured for public collections.

The group of original drawings by Homer Martin which I own would be a very desirable acquisition for some museum.

The Carnegie Institute owns two fine ones, but with this exception I do not know of any that have been placed where they can be studied by the public. Paintings by Martin are not

likely to be found for sale often, and these drawings would, in a measure, fill a gap in some museum not likely to be supplied by a genuine painting.

The drawings cover fairly well the whole of Martin's artistic career. The earliest is dated 1861, and a very exact, hard little specimen it is.

Original drawings by artists of note deserve more attention than they now receive.

Every collector who would devote a room to them exclusively would find them not only of great educational value but a source of very genuine enjoyment. They are usually "first thoughts" freely jotted down with no thought of their being seen by the public. Many an artist might be glad to be judged by his drawings exclusively.

If American artists expect to achieve a lasting success, they will not only have to paint the best pictures obtainable anywhere, but they must act wisely in matter of prices.

There is no use denying the fact that some artists demand absurdly high prices for their pictures. Perhaps they obtain them sometimes, but their ability as painters will be as nothing compared with the ability that will be required of them one of these days in convincing buyers that they should receive five to ten dollars for every dollar charged by other artists for pictures equally good.

One of the many problems concerning the development of our national art that presses for consideration, is that of securing proper attention for the work of the young men who abundantly deserve it. There are many in this city alone whose work already ranks with that of many veterans, and, while the latter readily get a hearing everywhere, the young men have the greatest difficulty in putting any of their pictures before a large public. The little that dealers can do for them is helpful, but they have a right to a wider public recognition. A few squeeze, somehow, into our official exhibitions, but under present conditions there is room for a few only.

If some of our public institutions would only muster up courage to organize an annual exhibition, from which would be rigidly excluded the work of every artist whose pictures had already been frequently shown, and give the younger men an opportunity to assert themselves, I quite believe the public would heartily support it.

I have good reason to know that the buying public is learning to give less consideration to names and to look more to the quality of pictures than formerly. Several clients have purchased pictures this season by artists whose names they had never heard of before, and simply because the pictures were inherently good. This very desirable condition will be sure to continue unless these young men "lose their heads" and too soon boost their prices to those

deservedly received by some of their older brethren.

An Academy jury is once more in session and scores of artists are on the anxious seat of expectancy. The usual rumors are afloat to the effect that the offerings are the very best ever presented. The poor jury has a hard task before it and, however well it does its work, will be berated by many disappointed ones. If acceptances could be limited to the capacity of the galleries, and that capacity not overtaxed, there would be fewer unhappy ones. "Accepted but not hung for lack of room" is always a sad announcement.

The spring exhibition of last year was such a very good one special effort should be made at least to equal it this time. It is especially desirable that a high standard should be maintained this year in view of the fact that it will challenge comparison with the exhibitions of pictures by foreigners recently made here. The public will not be slow in deciding which country produces the most healthy art.

Seattle comes next with a big fair and a picture show.

Fortunately the latter is not to be also big. I understand that the total number of pictures to be shown will be three hundred, of which half will be by American artists. Coming, as it does, in a season when pictures are not in fierce demand in New York, Mr. Berg, the art director, should have no difficulty in making the exhibition one of very high quality.

The free art discussion still goes merrily on. The experiment of free art is sure to be tried, and in the near future, in spite of the sometimes foolish arguments of the Free Art League. A fine specimen of this sort is reported in the much quoted "hit" by Mr. Beckwith. He trotted out a young girl who by designing a spray of golden rod on a four cent piece of cotton made the said cotton worth seventy-five cents a yard; - "therefore give us free art!" Mr. Beckwith knows perfectly well and so does every member of the League that all over the country there are schools training young men and women to earn large incomes in artistic industrial pursuits without a thought of any handicap imposed by an art tariff. To find how true this is inquiry might be made of the head of any art school, - for example of Prof. Perry, of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. I have not consulted him but I venture to say he would testify that his graduates are pursuing successful careers all over the country and that in their training it never occurred to him or them whether art was "free" or not. Their opportunities for study have been abundant and cannot be improved by any legislation.

My exhibitions this season are being received in a way that is most gratifying to the exhibitors and to me. Every one has had hearty approval and its fair share of material success. Continued improvement in general business has its welcome reflection here and the season is likely to reach the average success of former good years.

A goodly number of our artists who are still in the plastic stage and susceptible to every passing influence will doubtless afford us some amusement through a few coming exhibition seasons. Sorolla, Zuloaga and, possibly, even German echos will abound. It requires a long time for some fellows to strike their own gait.

Those who are fond of studying the effect of outside influences on young artists would find a rich field for observation every summer at Lyme, Conn. There seems to be something in the air of that region which acts like a magnet in drawing young men irresistibly under the influence of some one individual. One strong man holds the focal point for a few years and in spite of him imitators spring up on every hand. His removal, however, only finds another strong personality in his place and a new crop of stencils cut. In a recent exhibition I saw pictures grown in Lyme by not less than a dozen artists so identical in pattern that it was quite impossible for me to distinguish between the work of the unconscious master and his disciples.

Lyme is a very excellent place for certain young men to keep away from.

The group of pictures recently shown here by Mr. Ranger will, by special invitation, be shown in several cities, winding up the season in the galleries of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg.

In the meantime Mr. Ranger is enjoying a well earned rest in Kingston, Jamaica.

It was a great pleasure to see Mr. Winslow Homer as he passed through this city a few days ago on his way to the South. He looked hearty and well and was evidently enjoying his few days here.

I wish all of our artists would be as cordial as Mr. Homer in expressing a liking for pictures they know to be good regardless of their authorship.

Here is a direction in which a really great artist might be imitated without reproach or danger of being hauled into a court of law for punishment.

Mr. Chas. W. Hawthorne has recently joined the ranks of the exhibitors in my gallery and he is a most welcome addition. The quality in Mr. Hawthorne's work is sure to demand for him a good hearing.

Definite arrangements have at last been made for showing foreigners what our artists are capable of doing.

The Society of Art Collectors will, in the coming spring, show a representative collection in London and probably elsewhere.

Another group, under the auspices of our Academy will contribute to an exhibition in Venice, and a third collection to be formed by Mr. Hugo Reisinger, will be shown by him in both Munich and Berlin.

These are most commendable enterprises and should be heartily supported by artists and other picture owners.

As its readers have discovered, Art Notes is somewhat uncertain in regard to its date of issue. These jottings however will probably be published during the time of the exhibition of Mr. Davies' pictures. This is to continue from February nineteenth to March fourth inclusive. It will be the first special exhibition of Mr. Davies' pictures since 1905. Judging from the frequent inquiries that are being made, it is certain that the exhibition will attract wide attention.

Contemporary foreign art is getting a pretty good hearing in our city just now. This is a splendid thing for our own artists:—how good it will be for some of the foreigners remains to be seen. There seems to be no difference of opinion in regard to the work of Sorolla, the brilliant Spanish artist who has jumped into instant favor. No one should fail to see his exhibition in the museum of the Hispanic Society in West 156th St. near the subway route.

A right good show is the one now in progress in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia.

There are few star pictures, but there is a decidedly good average quality in the whole collection.

A most encouraging feature of the exhibition is the presence of pictures by young men not previously represented. I believe there are some seventy pictures by men whose names are new in the Academy Catalogue.

CHARLES VOLKMAR, POTTER, is the subject of the leading article in THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO for January. It is a most interesting review of this gifted artist's life and work. To many the work of the ceramist is a good deal of a mystery, and to them especially this article will be enlightening.

Working quietly near his Metuchen, N. J. home, Mr. Volkmar is producing vases and tiles of a high artistic quality that are getting wider recognition every year. They are in no way related to the large commercial output of factories but the personal product of an experienced artist.

For several years I have very gladly exhibited the Volkmar Pottery here, and it has given genuine satisfaction to many purchasers.

Mr. William Walton is the writer of the article above referred to. He has chosen a few good pieces for illustration and also reproduces a drawing made by Mr. Edwin B. Child of Mr. Volkmar at work.

The basis of all visible and plastic art is the space cut by a few lines. Both the lines and the resulting areas have a harmonic relation. The fundamental process is spacing, not drawing. Areas are further differentiated by dark or light tones, a harmony of contrasts and gradations, well expressed by the Japanese word 'notan' (dark, light.) Finally color is applied, increasing the possibilities of harmony almost to infinity. The power to perceive these three kinds of harmony we call appreciation. The act of creating them is, in the beginning the act of choosing. Choice of sizes of positions, of tones of colors, is the pressing an idea in art. *Arthur Dow*

I sometimes feel that I might fairly be expected to name in ART NOTES a good many of of the paintings in my stock from time to time. Perhaps I ought to do this, but I think that a good many readers would prefer not to have the little publication changed into a semi-catalogue.

For all of my special exhibitions I mail detailed catalogues to all those I know care to receive them, so that information in regard to that particular field of activity is widely given.

Outside these exhibitions I always have a goodly number of choice pictures by men of familiar names, and by many whose names I hope to make familiar.

Prominent in the former class are, given roughly in chronological order, Stuart, Rembrandt Peale, Sully, Copley, Jarvis, Hunt, Fuller, Wyant, Martin, Inness, La Farge, Wyatt Eaton, Murphy, Ranger, Dessar, Howe, Ochtman, Keith, Wiggins, Myers, Davis, Dougherty, Foster, Rehn, Shurtleff, Tack and some others.

At last the truth has been disclosed by "One Who Knows" in his letter to the Evening Sun. Dealers are mere instruments of the Academy and therefore artists galore are ignored by them.

To have such a secret made public is too dreadful for the poor dealers to contemplate. Who will deliver them from bondage to the wicked academicians?

The questions of an art tariff and a site for a National Academy building are always more or less to the front. Just now the latter is the prominent topic in this city. To build or not to build in close proximity to the lions, bears and other wild things now held in captivity in Central Park, is being eagerly discussed by opposing forces. In giving the subject so much prominence the clever committee that has the matter in charge has made a splendid move. The need of a fine building is urgent, and it cannot be too widely advertised. As a result some one will step forward one of these days and assume the cost of the whole job. As there are several friends of art here to whom a few millions more or less would not be an obstacle, the matter of site will readily be adjusted.

When such a friend steps to the front, the Park site will soon be forgotten. The Committee that has suggested the Park scheme will, I am sure, not be slow in naming a better one when the cost of it is assured. I predict that the ultimate site will not be far from the new Public Library.

Renewed attention has been called to the quality and purity of pigments by some French artists who assert that many pictures that have been eagerly purchased by Americans are doomed to fade away within a few years. It is a great pity that these gentlemen,—Messrs Seignac and Comerre are specially quoted—have not been specific in their warnings, for if

what they predict is true we are left in a state of uncertainty as to whether we should be glad or sorry.

No doubt there is much truth in the charge that some artists are very careless in their choice of materials. Pure colors are obtainable and no other sort is used by any artist who cares for his reputation.

The recent opening of the new Walters art gallery in Baltimore was an event of real importance in the art world. The collection is a remarkable one in extent, quality and variety.

Mr. Walters has generously made it easy for everyone to gain access to his gallery and it will be sure to be a center of great interest through future years.

Reading over the other day with the usual pleasure one of Mr. C. Lewis Hind's agreeable art causeries, I came across a reference to an acquaintance of mine Mr. Winslow Homer, who is described as "the biggest art personality in America, a lonely worker, entirely himself, long freed from the influence of the masters." As Mr. Hind was speaking of the fewness of those American painters who are free from European domination, I wondered if he knew that, about twenty years since, Mr. Winslow Homer was painting on the English coast, whence he dispatched to "Harpers" or "Scribners", I am not sure which, a set of exquisite drawings of fisher girls and their surroundings. The place at which he stayed was Cullercoats, about a mile and a half from the mouth of the Tyne. There, one of the handsome old men of the village, who had sat as a model to many artists, in a great variety of characters, went up to him as he sat sketching a bit of rock and shore and said: "Tell me, sir, your name's Homer? Why, I sat for ye, with a harp and a goon, and a bit of blue ribbon round my heed."

T. P.'s Weekly (London)

Signs are multiplying of a real hunger all over the country for opportunities to study pictures.

I have never had so many demands as during the present season for help to make exhibitions in various cities.

It is a pleasure to respond where possible, though the material reward is not likely to come in the near future. With an ever widening home field the outlook for our artists is very promising.

The wise ones will reap a big harvest if they present pictures of fine quality and at moderate prices.

To make a forecast of the future of painting the available evidence goes to show that the collector would be wise to back capable rebellion in preference to capable orthodoxy. Moreover, now that realism, for the time at least, is exhausted, abstraction, of some sort has become a necessity. — *C. J. Holmes.*

A long article in *SUCCESS MAGAZINE* for January may be found useful by those who would like to find an artistic, if dishonest, path to wealth. We are told just how the art loving millionaire can be separated from goodly slices of his wealth and many instances as to methods, often before quoted, are here collected in readable form.

That this publication of old stories will be in the least degree useful to the foolish millionaire is very doubtful. The faker and the ignorant man of means who suddenly decides to be a collector have kept company for so many years that they cannot now be separated easily.

Buffalo picture lovers have no lack of opportunity for seeing good American art. Director Kurtz has had frequent exhibitions this season, in the Albright Art Gallery, of the work of some of our best known artists. He announces in his ACADEMY NOTES several others to be given in rapid succession, as well as exhibitions of pictures by two distinguished Spanish artists, Zuloaga and Sorolla. He would be hard to please who is not convinced that the season of 1908-9 is seeing the beautiful Albright Gallery put to the best possible use.

Littleness of life means littleness of an additional sort in the work: if one cares for one's work, one cannot be careless about one's life—the artist who would be sincere in his work, must learn above all else, to be honest with himself.—*Arthur Atkins*.

The success of the sale of the Graves collection of pictures showed that there is plenty of money for investment in fine pictures. The plea of "hard times" is usually made by collectors only when poor pictures are put before them. Mr. Kirby knows how to make his audience forget that such a thing as hard times ever existed. If my goods and chattels ever come "under the hammer" I hope Mr. Kirby will be on hand to wield it.

The sixth sense, the love of the beautiful which is the blessing added to the curse—for it sanctifies toil—and when we are weary with the world and its troubles it helps to take us away to that land where everything is fair and no one is weary.—*Heine*.

Only emotional art moves mankind, and emotion is incompatible with accuracy.—*Hamerton*.

Soon after this issue of ART NOTES appears one of my galleries will be occupied with a group of recent pictures by Mr. Chas. H. Davis. It will be shown from March fifth to March eighteenth inclusive.

It has somehow or other happened, from time immemorial, that many of the best and ablest philosophers, who have been perfect lights of science in matter of theory, have been wholly unable to reduce them to practice.—*Dickens.*

Director Beatty is hustling now-a-days in preparation for the coming exhibition in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. The dates are April twenty-nine to June thirty. This exhibition is the only international one made in this country, but just why it is international is difficult of explanation. Possibly it is a sly effort on the part of trustees to show, by comparison, the superior quality of American art.

By a wise falsification the great masters of painting got at their true conclusions by not showing the actual appearances, that is, all that was seen at any given moment by any indifferent eye, but only what the eye might be supposed to see in the doing or suffering of some portentous action.—*Lamb.*

I wonder why some people who know nothing about pictures are so eager to express opinions about them. The voice of the untrained critic is always a loud one.

Conception, my boy, fundamental brain-work, that is what makes the difference in all art. Work your metal as much as you like, but first make sure it is gold, and worth working.—*Rosetti.*

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INSPECTION INVITED

MACBETH GALLERY

450 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

ART NOTES

Published in the interest of American Art and the

MACBETH GALLERY

450 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

May, 1909

No. 38

*These lines were inspired by a gale at Yarmouth Port,
Mass. and the harmonies it tore from the trees.*

Oh ye beautiful trees of the forest;
Grandest and most eloquent daughters
Of fertile Mother Earth.
When first ye spring from her,
An infant's puny foot
Could spurn ye to the ground,
So insignificant ye are.
Yet ye spread your huge limbs,
Mightier than the brawny giants of Gath,
 How strong,
 How beautiful,
How wonderful ye are.
Yet ye talk only in whispers,
Uttering sighs continually
Like melancholy lovers,
Yes, I understand thy language,
Oh voice of sympathy
I will draw near to thee
For thou can'st not to me,
And embrace thy rugged stems
In all the transports of affection.
Stoop and kiss my brow
With thy cooling leaves
Oh ye beautiful creations of the forest.

Albert P. Ryder.

The 1908-9 season has thus far been an exceedingly good one for American pictures.

A good many artists might not be willing to admit this, and for some the contrary has doubtless been true; but on the whole the upward tendency has been very marked.

The general interest in exhibitions has been very great, crowds having flocked to every one worth seeing. The outlook is most promising.

The absence of choice American pictures from the auction rooms this season has often been noted, while foreign pictures of all sorts have been very numerous.

Except in instances where sales are made in order to settle the estates of deceased collectors, it is just possible that the preponderance of foreign pictures in the sales rooms is owing to the fact that they fail to stand the test of time and that their owners are tired of them.

It is reasonable to conclude that American pictures wear well and that their owners have no desire to get rid of them. Through the whole auction season I do not think half-a-dozen American pictures of any importance have found their way into the auction rooms.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
—*Pope.*

It is not possible to conduct successfully a business in which stability of prices is unknown. If there is any business where this first principle is more frequently ignored than in that of selling pictures, I do not know of it. It may be difficult to fix the blame, but I think it rests primarily with the artists. In the big public exhibitions, regardless of an occasional admonition in the circular which invites contributions, a majority of artists place a higher valuation on their pictures than they expect to receive, hence the "offers" and the undignified dickering which precede most sales.

A buyer under such circumstances really never knows whether he has secured a picture at its proper price, but he is sure that if some more trustful person had accepted the artist's valuation, he would have been cheated. In such transactions there is sure to be injustice done somewhere.

Artists have no right to put excessive prices on their pictures, but if they do they should be allowed to keep them. Exhibition-makers, whether in Academies or not, could quickly reform this whole vicious practice by resolutely refusing to submit any offers for pictures from would-be purchasers. Prices would quickly reach a proper and permanent level under such a plan and every buyer would be assured of fair and impartial treatment.

I had expected to hold an exhibition during the present season of new pictures by Wm. Sartain but it has been thought well to postpone it until next year. A much stronger showing can then be made, as, in the opinion of his friends who have had the privilege of seeing some of his foreign canvases, he has recently been doing notable work. Mr. Sartain seems to be tolerably happy in his Paris studio in spite of a very serious illness from which he has now quite recovered.

ART NOTES has before now recorded the fact that Mr. Sartain is the most interesting of correspondents. I wish I could have permission to publish some of his letters in full. I cannot refrain from giving the following detached extracts from recent letters.

Some painters get known by doing continually the same thing as Didier-Pouget with his valley and purple flowers. This reminds me of Napoleon's saying, there is one rule for eloquence, —repetition, repetition, repetition!

An artist once told me he stood alongside of Gerome at an exhibition of Millet's work after his death, and heard him say, "and to think they call that painting!"

One should commence early at painting. Del Sarto was apprenticed at seven, Perugino at nine, Velasquez at thirteen. Mr. Angelo did a fine mask at seventeen and at the same age Mantegna painted a masterpiece. In the museum at Venice are a picture by Titian done at seventeen and another done at ninety-eight.

It would be a fine monument to many a genius to

collect for it the stones thrown at him before he was acknowledged. There are a splendid lot of them in Shakespeare's case by Pope, Voltaire and many other famous men.

Art is a resume of nature, not a copy. It has been well said that the secret of being tiresome is to tell everything in detail.

The recent exhibition in my galleries of a collection of Mr. Arthur Davies' pictures excited remarkable interest. Visitors crowded the galleries every day, and admired or found fault with great enthusiasm.

A good many of the fault-finders decided after a few visits that they had spoken too soon, and finally reversed early opinions. In this there is a lesson worth heeding by those who feel called upon to decide on the merits of what they do not understand. It is a good plan to wait for a light in a dark place instead of stumbling to a fall.

We cannot oversteal our debt to the past, but the moment has supreme claim. The past is for us, but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the present. — *Emerson*.

Woe, woe, woe! to exceedingly young men of stubborn instincts calling themselves Pre-Raphaelites.
— *Rev. Edward Young*.

It is reported from Paris that a picture by a twelve-year-old artist, Maurice Levallard, has been accepted for the coming Salon Exhibition.



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

AFTER A PAINTING BY JEROME MYERS

The exhibition open in my galleries at this writing is composed of pictures by a group of thirteen Boston artists. Most of them have not before shown pictures here, and all of them deserve to be well known. Strenuous efforts are made from time to time to make New Yorkers familiar with the work of foreign artists, but few seem to think it worth while to show us the good work that is being done elsewhere in our own country.

There are artists everywhere who manage to keep near the centre of the stage in most shows, but living near them are many others equally worthy, who do not care to struggle and intrigue for outside recognition. It is decidedly in order for us to hunt up and bring into light the work of these modest and contented ones. More work of this kind has been done in my galleries this season than formerly, and I hope to do much more on the same lines in future. I hope also to follow this up by giving other cities an opportunity to see what New York artists are doing. Inter-city reciprocity may prove to be as useful in the way of art development as international reciprocity.

The duration and stability of the fame of the old masters of painting is sufficient to evince that it has not been suspended upon the slender thread of fashion and caprice, but bound to the human heart by every chord of sympathetic approbation—*Reynolds*.

The public in general never really judges an extraordinary man because it is composed of ordinary spirits with no conception of high intelligence. They judge by hearsay. Thus its attention is drawn to the ordinary side of an extraordinary man which is so often defective on account even of his high talents.—*Goethe*.

The Academy Exhibition just closed has been a fair success from the business point of view. The average quality of the pictures shown did not quite come up to that of the collection shown a year ago. It still remains true that those who would see the best pictures that our artists are producing, must go to the exhibitions in the dealers' galleries. These have never been of higher quality than during the present season.

The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the souls when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now, no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul.—*Channing*.

The beautiful arises from the preconceived harmony of an object, whether sight or sound, with the inborn and constitutive rules of the judgment and imagination, and it is always intuitive. As light to the eye, even such is beauty to the mind, which cannot but have complacency in whatever is perceived as preconfigured to its living faculties.—*Coleridge*.

Although I do not for a moment endorse the published plans of our National Academy for building a gallery in Central Park, I do heartily applaud its members for the clever way in which its needs are being advertised. It will be strange if the agitation fails to produce a rich friend willing to erect his own monument in the form of a great and accessible exhibition gallery.

The question of encroaching on the rights of those for whom the Park is being maintained is being well cared for by their friends, and in winning their case they will have done good service to the artists too. It would be a monumental business mistake to erect a gallery of any kind, with or without a "zoo" and police attachment, on the discussed site.

Picture exhibitions are highly educational and deserve every wise consideration, but they cannot be maintained without the patronage of a very large public. No business firm would for a moment think of erecting a huge building on a spot where, comparatively, only a few strangers pass every day, not even if a free site were offered. Where large patronage is looked for the merchant seeks the crowded location, that is, the location where the crowd to which he would cater is to be found. The crowd needed by the Academy is daily thronging along Fifth Avenue, from half a mile below to

the same distance above the new Public Library, and near it is the only place in the city for the Academy Gallery. Neighbour Ehrich advocates a site in the rear of the Library on ground already enclosed from Bryant Park. If possible to secure this it would be an ideal location.

Gilbert Stuart had a great taste for music, which he had cultivated, and was an accomplished musician. One day as he was passing a church in Foster Lane, hearing the sound of an organ, he stepped in, and ascertaining that the vestry were testing the candidates for the post of organist, he asked if he might try. Being told that he could, he did so, and succeeded in getting the place, with a salary of thirty guineas a year!—*Spooner*.

It has been a great pleasure to learn that Mr. Chester Beach, whose bronzes have attracted much attention here, has recently received several important commissions, some of them gained in competition with older artists.

A really great achievement by him, "The River's return to the Sea", in marble, shown in my sculpture exhibition early in the season has recently been purchased by a collector whose experience in the study of the sculptor's art has gained unusual discernment. I predict for this gifted young artist a most brilliant future.

No one can appreciate anything higher than himself, if you are common you cannot appreciate anything fine.
—*Schopenhauer*.

American art is sincere and wholesome, technically sound, inspired by lofty ideals. It shows much common sense and reveals the vigorous stock from which the artists are recruited. — *Edmund von Mach.*

The tariff situation changes so frequently now-a-days that predictions as to the final legislation in regard to works of art are mere guess work. The Assembly Committee, according to the latest report at this writing, has changed the clause that would have retained the duty on all pictures less than twenty years old to one that would admit all pictures free of any duty. It doubtless foresaw the impossibility of determining the age of pictures. It certainly would be impossible after ten or a dozen years to fix the date of most pictures. The artists themselves could not do it much less a Custom House appraiser. A very much better plan would be to give free entry to the work of all artists who have been dead for twenty years. This at least would be a workable plan. What the Senate will do remains to be seen, but I am more than ever convinced that for the younger artists some degree of protection is essential, and also that there should be some plan devised for excluding trash. Our artists who have arrived have nothing to fear from any foreign competition, but there are very many worthy artists who have not had sufficient recognition to enable them to win preference in competition with many artists

living abroad, whose expenses are trifling in comparison with the cost of living in this country.

Much has been said and written about the injustice of taxing the poor man's pictures, but the fact is that the poor, or comparatively poor man, does not buy paintings at all. What he does, or would buy if permitted and educated to it, are photographs, lithographs and various other process productions of paintings. If the advocates of free art are working to admit these duty free, I have not heard of it. The painter must, according to these gentlemen, struggle along as best he can in face of cheap competition, but the producers of pictures by mechanical process must have ample protection. There is not much logic in this, and certainly no consideration for the comparatively poor man, who might gladly purchase the only forms of pictorial art available to him.

Why should the photographer and the lithographer be protected and not the painter?

Above the round of ether without cloud,
Boundless expansion, all unruffled shines;
Beneath, the far-stretched landscape, hill and dale,
The precipice abrupt; the distant main;
The nearer forest in wide circuit spread,
Solemn recess and still! — *David Mallet.*

Work from nature, in landscape, always seems to run inevitably into studies, not into pictures. — *Hamerton.*

During the Alaska-Yukon Exhibition to be held in Seattle during the coming summer, visitors will have an opportunity to see one of the best collections of American pictures brought together in recent years. Art Director Berg has personally given his whole time during the past winter to seek and secure the very choicest examples of the work of our best men, both young and old. I have seen a partial list of the pictures and have had great pleasure in noting the very high standard maintained.

That the coming of the warm season will not wind up the picture business this year is very evident. From every section we hear of plans to make summer exhibitions, and the demands for pictures for this purpose are loud and frequent. The wise demand seems to be for pictures, choice in quality but small in number.

Genius borrows nobly. When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies, "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed on dead bodies and brought them into life."—*Emerson*.

The Girl on Roller Skates, a bronze by Miss Eberle, has recently been purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Museum is gradually acquiring an excellent collection of bronzes by our home artists.

In the exhibition now open in the Carnegie Art Institute, Pittsburgh, Mr. Ranger has been accorded the honor of having a group of fifteen of his pictures shown together. It is practically the same group that was shown in one of my galleries earlier in the season, purchasers of several of the pictures having kindly allowed them to remain together for this exhibition.

In the meantime they have been exhibited both in Minneapolis and Chicago.

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING by SAMUEL ISHAM should be in the hands of every student of American Art. This is given as an answer to questions frequently put to me for such information.

The book covers the field better than any other publication I know. The Macmillan Company are the publishers.

The coming of hot weather will not put an end to the exhibition of pictures in my galleries. They will be open all summer with frequently changing groups.

Kansas City is the latest to fall in line with plans for an Art Museum and, strange to say, it is being established by the Common Council of the City. A first appropriation of \$175,000 has been made. Hats off to the Kansas City Common Council!

Mr. Charles W. Hawthorne is likely to win distinction for his portraits as well as for his ideal figure compositions. One of the latter was recently purchased for a museum collection.

The German pictures recently shown in the Metropolitan Museum are now on exhibition in The Art Institute, Chicago.

The crop of forged American pictures is smaller this season than for many years. This can hardly be owing to a lack of skill, for that does not die suddenly. It is just possible that the old time courage is lacking.

When commenting in the last issue of ART NOTES on the good season's work accomplished in the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, by Director Kurtz, there was no thought or premonition on the part of any of his friends of his pathetic ending, then so near. His sudden death was a great shock and grief to a wide circle of friends.

Bostonians are now having an opportunity to see the Sorolla pictures which for a few weeks were shown in Buffalo. In the galleries of The Copley Society they will be seen in the light of day and are likely to lose some of the brilliancy which intoxicated New Yorkers who had to judge them under the glow of strong electric lights.

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HURDY GURDY DANCER

MISS A. ST. L. EBERLE

Thanks to Mr. Hugo Reisinger, Berlin and Munich are to have an opportunity, during March and April of next year, to show the German public what contemporary American artists are doing. Without any expense to the artists, a representative collection is to be assembled by this generous art lover, and in it every school is to be represented. As meddling royalty and officialdom can have no share in choosing the pictures on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. Reisinger will be able to select those that meet his personal approval; and it is safe to predict that the result will be more satisfactory, even to himself, than was that of his German collecting of last season.

The dates chosen will offer the only probable difficulty in securing our best pictures. The exhibition season here will be at its height, so the choice will be mostly restricted to pictures already exhibited in this country.

Apropos of Mr. Reisinger's expressed intention to send American pictures abroad for exhibition, I would suggest that the Society of Art Collectors, which has talked not a little about doing the same thing, abandon the project, if it is still alive, and turn its attention to the making of a series of first-class exhibitions in our own little country. We would like to have the approbation of foreigners and we would like them to know what good, live, modern

art, the best of its day, is like, but it is of still greater importance that Americans, outside the big cities where annual shows are held, should also know what good pictures are like. Seattle, in an exhibition referred to elsewhere, has done just that for a large, hitherto artistically hungry section of the Northwest. Many another city, north, south and west, has never had a really good picture exhibition. I remember receiving a letter last year from a lady who lives in a large city of great wealth. She said that almost everything in the picture line that should not have been shown had been sent there, and that no good collection of pictures had ever been seen. It seems to me that in such places the Society of Art Collectors could make itself a real blessing and do what would not be possible for any individuals to accomplish in establishing proper art standards throughout the country.

Some years ago, before the Barbizon pictures had been given any prominence, the father of a certain New York dealer, now well and favorably known, was about to return to Paris a picture by Diaz, which he had long offered in vain for \$50. It was seen at the last moment before the intended shipment, by an artist, with more discrimination than money, who secured the canvas by promising to pay on the installment plan. Some years later the artist sold it for \$2,500, a transaction he lived to regret, for he afterwards saw it sold for \$7,500.

The arranging of exhibitions for the present season has been a most difficult task.

I have never had to deal with such an embarrassment of riches, and, in spite of much thought and planning, work by several artists that I would be proud to show, must wait for another year.

The picture season is lamentably short and offers opportunity for comparatively few exhibitions.

The opening exhibition for the new year will be of pictures by Mr. Paul Dougherty, painted recently in Cornwall. Every two weeks thereafter will see the opening of a new exhibition, with occasionally two running concurrently.

I have two exhibitions in preparation at this writing which should be welcomed for the holiday season.

In my first gallery will be seen a group of drawings in water colors and other mediums, and in the second gallery will be found my second annual exhibition of small artistic bronzes.

Most of these offerings will be for sale at modest prices, and would surely make very acceptable holiday gifts.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky, arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields, seems nowhere to alight. The winter air hides hills and brooks, the river, and the heaven, and veils the farm-house at the garden's end. The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit around the radiant fireplace, enclosed in a tumultuous privacy of storm.—*Emerson.*

For the information of the many friends who are constantly inquiring for Mr. Davies, I am very glad to be able to state that he is steadily recovering from his recent severe illness.

There are many swift darts within my quiver, which have a voice for those with understanding, but to the crowd they need interpreters. He is gifted with genius who knoweth much by natural talent. — *Pindar*.

Whether the dishonest travelling picture dealer has advanced or retarded art education and interest, is an open question. Anyhow, that he has been exceedingly industrious and successful, especially in the middle and far west, is very evident to every traveller who seeks opportunity to see the pictures that have been purchased here and there. During the past summer, I saw a good many public and private collections that, I must confess, excited in me a large measure of admiration for the rogues who sold the pictures. No honest dealer could have made the sales because he would have offered the pictures signed by the artists who painted them. Evidently that way of signing pictures would ruin them as bait wherewith to catch the collectors of pictures with names. Of course the overworked names everywhere are those of the artists of the Barbizon School. In one big, prosperous city that shall be nameless, a prominent citizen had lent, for public exhibition, his whole collection of pictures bearing the names of distinguished foreign and American artists.

In the batch of about fifty pictures shown

I noted just three that were undoubtedly genuine. This left a pretty bad, and perhaps unusual, percentage of forgeries. As it was not my mission to sow seeds of unhappiness in my journeyings, I said nothing to disturb the blissful ignorance of my friends.

To the vulgar art is incomprehensible—hence the vulgar are commencing to take the incomprehensible for art.

—*W. S.*

A most refreshing exhibition of pictures from private collections I found in Portland, Oregon. New York could not do much better in an attempt to cover the same field, which was not a very wide one. Rare examples of some of our best men, Inness, Martin, Ryder, Fuller, Hunt and others made me very envious.

To my surprise Wyant was unrepresented. Possibly the several splendid examples owned in the city were so highly esteemed that their owners were unwilling to lend them.

The exhibition of pictures made in connection with the Seattle Exposition was, of course, the great artistic event of the season in the west. It was a great delight to see how thoroughly it was appreciated by the very large number of visitors. Every time I visited the galleries I found them thronged by those who evidently had never before seen such a collection of pictures; many, undoubtedly, had never before seen any collection.

It was decidedly a sane group of pictures,

and was intelligently and seriously studied. It was a wise policy that prohibited the showing before such an audience of any of the crude experiments that so frequently afflict us here in the east. There was about an equal number of American and foreign canvases, and, as they were not separated on the walls, there was good opportunity for comparison.

The best examples of the foreign artists represented, were probably not obtainable, but they certainly were a far away second to the American pictures, in the selection of which admirable discrimination was shown. Director Berg, to whom the success of the exhibition was due, had a hard task, but has survived it, covered with honor.

It was a great pleasure once again to see my good friend Mr. Keith in his San Francisco studio. In spite of the efforts of Father Time, Mr. Keith refuses to grow old, and day by day goes ahead with his work with freshness and vigor. He lost very heavily in the big disaster of a few years ago, but, instead of bewailing the event, he seems to have been given by it a fresh impetus, and to be possessed by a desire to replace the lost pictures with others of still better quality. In the many years since I first met Mr. Keith, I feel sure that I never secured from him any pictures of such splendid quality as were included in my purchase of last August. To any doubters of the truth of this I say, "come and see."

I had the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with two other artists while in San Francisco. Driven by the big fire from his old Sansom Street studio, where I had first met him a few years ago, Xavier Martinez halted in Piedmont, across the bay, with not even a poor old brush left for a souvenir. I found him happily situated on a beautiful hillside, in a quaint little bungalow, where no genius—and Martinez is a genius—could help painting beautiful pictures. Sometimes it is a bit of landscape that interests him, and sometimes a quaint figure or group sketched on his memory years ago in his native Mexico. Paris memories creep in, too, with occasional suggestions of Whistler, under whose influence he lived for a time. Some of these pictures I intend to submit for choice for the next Academy exhibition with a strong conviction that not one of them will be accepted.

Arthur Putnam was the other artist friend who added to the pleasant memories I carried away from the Golden Gate. In thinking of him I am forced to recall that beautiful entrance to the harbor, for he has chosen his quarters nearby and far from the distractions of the city.

I had the privilege of seeing early sketches in clay of several pieces that, now in bronze, are on exhibition here. Mr. Putnam has happily solved the sculptor's usual difficulty in having work cast, by building a foundry of his own, so his work is strongly individual from start to finish. The wild creatures of the west, thor-

oughly known by this young sculptor, have never been more faithfully or sympathetically portrayed in any medium than in these live bronzes.

Writing of San Francisco, I cannot refrain from paying tribute to the new home of real art, in various forms, presided over by Messrs. Vickery, Atkins and Torrey, at 550 Sutter Street. Near the old location from which they were driven by the 1906 fire, these good friends have erected a fine building, unique in arrangement, where are displayed pictures, original designs in jewelry and furniture, choicest porcelains, and many other objects of unusual artistic value. This firm has richly earned its high reputation and increasing prosperity.

Three of the sculptors whose work I now have on exhibition are natives of San Francisco, Messrs. Aitkin, Beach and Putnam. California may well be proud of them, though it has not been very liberal in their support. New York is doing its duty in this direction.

We shall have real art when people think and feel naturally and frankly, vigorously and proudly. We shall have it when men and women go into the woods and by the surging sea, and through fields and gardens, and into each other's hearts, and deep into each other's longings and capacities for joy, and in all these study nature absolutely and closely, in phenomena single or associated. Are there many, are there *any*, who do this thoroughly? The painter draws fifty times as much from his studio as from his studies, the poet sings after those who sung before; they are not inspired by long, patient passionate, heart-yearning love of nature.—*Leland*.



VOLKMAR POTTERY

The pieces of Pottery reproduced on the opposite page are part of a choice selection I recently had the privilege of making from Mr. Volkmar's summer production. They are very beautiful in color and texture and would make satisfactory gifts for artistic friends.

What a remarkable beginning the 1909-10 art season has had!

The great showing of Dutch pictures at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, followed by other masterpieces in the galleries of Scott and Fowles and Knoedler and Company, have probably never been surpassed in the same period of time anywhere. Seeing such pictures is the best possible art education, and should be an immense benefit to both artists and laymen. A lasting lesson should be found in the fact that undisputably great art is simple and sane. In the days when these pictures were painted there was probably a struggle, as there is to-day, for a "new art" but the strugglers, their discontent at sound methods, and their experiments have all disappeared and been forgotten. The pictures that have lived through the centuries are strangely akin in their fundamentals regardless of the time or country of their production. Moral, go slow in accepting radical departures from time-approved methods.

Industry in art is a necessity, not a virtue, and any evidence of the same in the production is a blemish, not a quality; a proof not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work.—*Whistler*.

Once again I wish to cry aloud against the heathenish practice of pasting catalogue numbers, white or colored, on either pictures or frames. It is almost impossible to remove them without injury, and their presence in an exhibition is a discord that cannot be overlooked.

Mr. John W. Beatty, the indefatigable Director of Fine Arts, at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, in an address made in Boston at the new Museum of Fine Arts, almost succeeded in justifying the policy of showing so many foreign pictures in his annual exhibitions. He referred to the one-time prevalent notion that foreign pictures were superior to the native product, and concluded that this unhappy condition no longer exists. His exhibitions, he believes, have done much to bring about this changed condition. I agree with him absolutely, and hope that he and others who have been accustomed to show the difference between foreign and American pictures will persevere in their good work.

I have recently heard some Philadelphia artists grumble because so many New York pictures are shown in their city to the exclusion of their own canvases. These men evidently do not believe in reciprocity for they are quite willing to crowd into our exhibitions and are never discriminated against on account of domicile. I have even heard it asserted that Philadelphia gets more than its share of the rich pickings in the art world at large.

Mr. Sartain is once more in New York after an absence of two and a half years, spent mostly in Italy and France.

In spite of severe illness, from which he has quite recovered, he accomplished a fair amount of very serious work. It will be seen later in a special exhibition in my gallery.

Pictures recently sent for exhibition in Paris by the prix de Rome students were so very bad that only about a third of them were considered fit for showing.

And yet these so-called artists have "earned" a four year scholarship in Rome!

A Paris friend writes: "I have been to the Autumn Salon, controlled by freaks. It was an astonishing show of the grotesque, the ignorant and the impertinent. No one in America can form any idea of the extravagance and crudity of these things. Yet I found ten pictures that either were good or showed that the men who did them had something in them. There was an Italian section, some ordinary work, but a display of very low artistic feeling."

The Philadelphia Art Club has at last redeemed itself and made a really first-class picture show. I am very glad to make a note of this fact because I have had a good deal to say about some dire past failures. The exhibition soon to close is small, choice, and admirably arranged.

In an earlier number of Art Notes, I referred to the Kansas City Common Council in rather glowing terms. It had been reported that the Council had voted a sum of money sufficient to insure the building of a city museum that would take its place beside that of St. Louis and other cities of the middle west. It seems that the report was greatly exaggerated. Not only has no money been appropriated, but, apparently no need of such a museum is felt by those in authority. I am led to believe, however, that those who really know pictures and allied arts, feel keenly the lack of a suitable home for them. Civic pride cries out when year after year choice loan collections visit the neighborhood, invariably "passing by on the other side" the City-on-the-Kaw. Fortunately, the Art Institute, an organization which appears to be in good hands, is alive to the city's deficiency, and I sincerely hope that its desire for new and commodious quarters may soon be realized.

I told you so! Here we are, all struggling with the poor old Custom House and its distracted employes, in efforts to get possession of pictures over twenty years old, which under the law should come in free.

To prove satisfactorily the age of a picture is sometimes impossible; even its author cannot always do it. How much easier it would have been had the time limit been made twenty years after the death of the artist. An undertaker's affidavit would then have done the trick.

Now that the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is so well housed in its new building, with ample space for enlarging its scope, I hope it will give increased attention to contemporary American art. It has not been very conspicuous among museums in this direction.

The habit of donating fine pictures by American artists seems to be growing on Mr. Wm. T. Evans. It began in the giving of individual pictures to friends and various institutions, and has now grown until nothing short of the giving of a whole gallery-full of pictures can gratify it. Montclair, New Jersey, Mr. Evans' home city, is the latest place that has been given a share in his munificence. His first gift there includes no less than thirty paintings, and through the generosity of a lady of the same town, Mrs. Henry Lang, this collection is to have a suitable housing in a building which she offers to erect at a cost of \$50,000. Montclair is to be heartily congratulated on the good fortune which has befallen it. The good resulting from these gifts will be widely felt and permanent.

It may be doubted whether any painting of landscape possessing the unity, and the qualities of artistic conception and feeling, which are essential to a true picture, as distinguished from a study, has ever been brought directly from nature.

What we are that only can we see.—*Emerson.*

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ART NOTES

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450 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

March, 1910

No. 40

Early American portraits are slowly gaining the attention they should have had long ago. The painters of fifty or more years ago have handed down their prominent contemporaries in splendid fashion. These presidents, statesmen and professionals had no photographer waiting for them around the corner.

When a likeness was wanted the painter, sometimes a travelling craftsman, was called in and he knew that no slip-up in making a likeness would be tolerated. So the real men and women of that time are shown to us in portraits of splendid quality, the authors' names frequently wholly unknown. Authentic portraits, however, are not few and museums should lose no time in gathering them in. I have a goodly number of fine ones ranging from a doubtful Stuart to several beautiful and genuine Sullys.

Thou, O God, dost sell to us all good things at the price of labor.

—*Da Vinci.*

A very encouraging feature of the art outlook in this country is seen in the eager crowds that again and again visit every exhibition that is worth seeing. This is the report from all over the country, and certainly it is very true of this gallery, where the number of visitors is constantly on the increase. It is a pleasure, too, to see how many have learned that an open invitation freely to see pictures means just that, and that they can enjoy the various exhibitions without fear of annoyance from a pestering salesman. People who may wish to purchase or to learn particulars about individual pictures ought to be credited with enough intelligence to make inquiry when necessary, and to make known their wants in any direction.

It seems necessary frequently to mention that the pictures in special exhibitions are but a small part of the pictures in stock here. We wish the exhibitions to have first attention, but visitors who would care to see work by artists not represented in the galleries at any one time will gladly be shown them on request. A majority of the artists whose work is worthy of attention, are usually represented here by one or more canvases.

It has been announced that an annual prize of \$1000 will be given by Mrs. Potter Palmer for the best picture by an American artist shown in the ART INSTITUTE exhibitions.

A brief newspaper paragraph recently published gave news of the death of the Rev. Johannes A. Oertel, in famous old Fairfax County, Virginia. I feel sure that to most readers the name Oertel brought no recollection of an artist who, many years ago, was known practically everywhere. It was he who painted the picture "Rock of Ages", that, through reproductions, probably had the largest circulation of any picture of modern times.

The sale of these reproductions should have made him a wealthy man but his was the sad story of many a genius. He sowed, others reaped. His neglect to secure a copyright was taken advantage of by an unscrupulous publisher, and he never was paid a dollar for the many thousand copies of his picture that were sold here and abroad.

Still, though very poor, he was happy in the knowledge that his picture brought joy and comfort to many possessors. I had very interesting correspondence with this good man a few years ago. I exhibited a few landscapes for him at that time, but his heart was not in the doing of them and they received no attention. When last I heard from him, he was working on a church decoration which he prayed he might be allowed to complete for the pleasure and inspiration of his friends and neighbors.

Art is not a pleasure trip. It is a battle, a mill that grinds.
—*Millet.*

I do not hesitate to say, though at the risk of being charged with selfishness, that one of the very best ways by which to help American artists is for buyers to make all their purchases through dealers in American pictures. The men who buy one or two pictures a year are very numerous, but no one of them can be of appreciable assistance to artists. If, however, all of them patronize the dealer, he would be in a position to make larger purchases from the artists, and soon there would be ten dealers in native art for every one now exhibiting it. Reputable artists would heartily welcome this condition, which would insure for them a certain market and rid them of the interruptions of keeping open shop. They know that they can reach a much wider clientele through the dealer than by their individual efforts. Several have proved this abundantly. I have one in mind as I write. He absolutely refuses to sell a picture in his studio to any private buyer, and the result to him is that he never has an unsold picture at the season's end, never has a "special exhibition", never is without orders, and always has a good fat bank account.

It would not be easy to convince some buyers that they, too, would be benefitted by this plan. They do not know, though they ought to know, that as matters now stand they pay exactly the same price to the artist that they would to a dealer. The latter could, however, protect them against their own mistakes, give

wider choice, and in general, take care of his interests. In this I, of course, refer only to both artists and dealers of character.

With some reluctance, I claim that the dealer has a right to certain patronage now wrongfully denied him. At very considerable cash outlay and without charging a dollar for valuable galleries, he enables many an artist to present his work to the public for its approval, artists who could not otherwise do it. The few who take advantage of this by noting desirable canvases and purchasing them in the studios after the exhibitions are over, may be smart, but they are not honest and they are not helping American art.

While there is no diminution of interest in the work of the big men who are no longer living, and which is now rarely found for sale, it is pleasant to notice the recognition ungrudgingly given to the best contemporary work. The occasional Wyant or Inness brings the old thrill of pleasure, but new things, also good, though different, are rapidly being added to collections that are likely to have a still higher average of merit, than the collections formed fifteen to twenty-five years ago.

The, perhaps, half-a-dozen big men of that time had no such competitors as have the larger number of men now in the front rank. Our big fellows are being pushed hard by their younger brethren and a few of them are sure to be passed in the race for the top of the ladder.

It is unfortunate for all concerned that other cities should choose for their exhibition dates New York's busiest picture months. In most cities the season lasts from one to two months longer than it does here, and there seems to be no good reason why their exhibitions should not be planned for the time when our season is on the wane, or ended. I have almost daily applications for pictures to make either whole, or part of, exhibitions and it is quite impossible to respond frequently. Every exhibition-maker wants the best pictures, but so does New York, and it is not possible to withdraw a large number of them from view here at this time. Artists usually have a good many pictures to lend, but when all are asking at the same time they have not enough either of pictures or frames to distribute.

A little thoughtfulness in arranging for next season's dates would greatly improve the quality of outside exhibitions. From May first until November, New York could supply every gallery in the country without difficulty or loss.

I congratulate neighbor Montross on the acquisition of the fine new galleries at 550 Fifth Avenue, to which he recently moved.

The class of pictures of which he makes a specialty will be seen to good advantage and Mr. Montross can be depended on to call attention to them with confidence in their importance.

Hats off to Chicago! I have had information from a reliable correspondent there that while New York talks and writes about ways and means by which American art may be advanced, a group of citizens has agreed to put hands in pocket for the same object.

A society has been formed, with one hundred members to begin with, each agreeing to contribute two hundred dollars annually for five years, for the purchase of American pictures for the Chicago Art Institute.

Here is a perfectly practical, feasible plan, which at once appeals to common sense. Many times the sum here represented, if spent in the pernicious prize system, would not accomplish a small fraction of the good possible under this very straightforward scheme.

The mere mention of this should stir five times one hundred New Yorkers to follow suit. Our Metropolitan Museum would probably be glad to house the yearly purchases, and the only real difficulty to be overcome would be in devising a way to make a proper selection of pictures for such permanent collection.

Unless a decidedly competent and disinterested committee could be formed to choose the pictures it would be inadvisable to adopt the plan.

The attendance at all my exhibitions this season has been very large, and I believe appreciation for the exhibits has been general.



THE FUR JACKET

WHISTLER

That picture lovers are eager to see and enjoy a really great example of Whistler's art, was abundantly proved while the "Fur Jacket" was on exhibition in my gallery. It was not only seen by throngs of visitors but a majority certainly thoroughly appreciated it.

This was very gratifying but no less so was the honest confession of the minority who could "see nothing in it." I do not believe this can ever truthfully be written down as an age of posing in art matters. People do or they do not like certain pictures and they are not afraid to say which emotion stirs them. The stirrings, however, must find audible expression and the "Fur Jacket"-fortnight in this gallery was a most enjoyable one.

The lending of the picture by the Trustees of the Worcester Art Museum was a most generous act of self-denial, but I am sure they would have felt fully repaid could they have witnessed its reception here.

From present indications it seems certain that New Yorkers will have a better opportunity this season than ever before to become really acquainted with the work of Whistler.

Whether as a result of ignorance, prejudice, or general incompetence, the fact remains that this distinguished artist is most inadequately represented in any collection in this city that is readily accesible to the public. Philadelphia has the Yellow Buskin, Pittsburgh the Sarasate, Boston the beautiful Little Rose of Lyme-Regis

and the Blacksmith, and Worcester The Widow and Fur Jacket.

The coming exhibition announced by the Metropolitan Museum should give us an opportunity to see all these, and, in addition, the several examples privately owned in the country. If Mr. Freer lends generously from his incomparable collection, the exhibition will indeed be a notable one.

The clubs have not been quite as active up to date as in former years in showing collections of privately owned pictures. Mr. Hearn's contribution to the Lotos Club, recently shown, was the first one worthy of note, and was enjoyed by crowds of visitors. We hope to hear from the Lotos several times before the close of the season and from the Union League too, if it recovers from its January attempt. Later the Engineers' Club may be relied on to make its annual show as notable as its predecessors.

At the eleventh hour, Congress has voted an appropriation to provide for representation at the exposition to be held in Rome in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Italian independence.

With a salary of \$10,000 awaiting the Commissioner-General, there will probably be a large number of applicants for the position. A Secretary is to receive \$5,000.

In life beauty perishes, not in art.

—*Da Vinci.*

The trustees of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences are to be heartily congratulated for securing for that institution the splendid Lawrence collection of Barye bronzes. It forms a most valuable acquisition to the many choice collections of art objects already owned. It is hard to understand how these bronzes failed to find lodgment in other museums endowed with ample funds. It looks as if some other trustees must either have slept or blundered when opportunity knocked at their doors.

I know that this world is a world of imagination and vision. I see everything I paint in this world, but everybody does not see alike. To the eyes of a miser a guinea is far more beautiful than the sun, and a bag worn with the use of money has more beautiful proportions than a vine filled with grapes. The tree which moves some to tears of joy, is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way. To the eyes of the man of imagination, nature is imagination itself. —*Blake.*

I mean by a picture a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be - in a light better than ever shone - in a land no one can define or remember, only desire - and the forms divinely beautiful - then I wake up with the waking of Brynhild.

—*Burne-Jones.*

The new name, "Picture Lane", applied to this part of Fifth Avenue, seems to be a very appropriate one. If the members of the Fifth Avenue Association succeed in their efforts to have all the windows lighted until late at night, "Picture Lane" will become the most popular promenade in the city.

The interest shown in my collection of small bronzes is most encouraging to the sculptors represented.

My second annual exhibition, held in December, was a very gratifying success, and has encouraged the exhibitors to go ahead with new work.

The collection is now almost as complete, through additions, as before the exhibition. I understand that the travelling exhibition, selected and sent out by the National Sculpture Society, has been very cordially received in the several cities where it has been shown.

The importance of art as a vehicle of knowledge, is less appreciated, because its results are so common.

But were all its representations of objects, deeds, and men, which are out of the range of our sight, obliterated, the most of the globe and its history would no more exist to our material senses than the scenery and affairs of other planets.

As compared with form and color, words, in the mind's infancy are but an imperfect means of conveying adequate notions of things,

Art becomes an essential of education. —*Jarves.*

The coming exhibition of American pictures in Berlin, which Mr. Reisinger has taken infinite pains to make really representative of our best achievements, will be immediately preceded in the same place by one of French art of the eighteenth century. We are not likely to lose any prestige by contrast with the artificial productions of the men who preceded the great 1830 School.

If I were minded to change or add to the name by which my place of business has come to be known, its function could best be expressed by the title Macbeth Gallery and Clearing House. Exhibition-makers from various parts of the country are very frequent visitors, and are very prompt to note the artists and pictures that have gained recognition here. In this way artists are given opportunities that might not otherwise occur, or be long deferred, to show pictures in outside cities. So for their sake I am very glad to continue the unremunerative work of maintaining a "clearing house."

Prices paid for pictures offered at auction so far this season show that there is plenty of money for investment in this direction. For pictures bearing certain names, justly famous, there will always be found collectors ready to pay extravagant prices; indeed they seem to prefer to pay high prices, and they could hardly be convinced that their pictures had merit if purchased at moderate figures.

It is fortunate for contemporary painters that there is another class of buyers, rapidly increasing in number, who buy pictures because they are good, and to whom a moderate price is not an indication of inferiority.

It is not the line, neither is it the modeling—it is the contrast, not the black and white—the sensation of colour the support of the exact tones. It is not to say to model the form but to say try and modulate the form.

—Cezanne.

If some of the lenders of pictures to the Venice exhibition of last year "swear off" from ever again lending to a foreign exhibition without proper guarantees for the safety of the pictures and their prompt return, it will not be cause for surprise. There has been most wretched bungling ever since the close of the exhibition, and it is only now, several months after, that the pictures are being delivered, and in woeful plight.

The artist worthy the name must express the total truth of nature; not merely the truth of its exterior, but also and particularly that of its inner self. When a good sculptor models a human torso, it is not only the muscles that he represents, it is the life animating them—better than the life, the power that fashioned them and endowed them with grace or vigor or amorous charm or untamed fury.

—*Rodin.*

The new art tariff has produced unexpected results in one direction. Importations are increasing enormously, and branches of foreign houses, never heard of before, though established in the early ages, are being opened here. I do not believe that any effect on American art is appreciable in any way. Good pictures get attention wherever exhibited and for the poor ones, properly neglected, the tariff may conveniently serve as an excuse for neglect.

The painter will produce pictures of little merit if he takes the works of others as his standard; but if he will apply himself to learn from the objects of nature he will produce good results. This we see was the case with the painters who came after the Romans, for they continually imitated each other, and from age to age their art steadily declined.

—*Da Vinci.*

For its international exhibition to open next year in Rome, Italy once more invites us to send pictures.

To those who contributed to the late Venice show this invitation is not likely to prove very alluring.

At the exhibition of American landscapes recently open in the gallery of the National Arts Club there were several very good canvases. In addition to these there were other canvases, alas! and alack!

Congress has passed a bill authorizing the President to appoint a National Fine Arts Commission of seven members. It is to be consulted in regard to all work of an artistic nature undertaken by the Government.

Coming Exhibitions

March 17 to 30

Pictures by Charles W. Hawthorne
and Herman Dudley Murphy

March 31 to April 13

Marines by Frederick J. Waugh
Landscapes by Chauncey F. Ryder

April 14 to 27

Pictures by George B. Luks

April 28 to May 11

Annual exhibition of The Woman's Art Club

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December, 1910

No. 41



JOHN LA FARGE, FROM PAINTING BY WILTON LOCKWOOD

It is too soon to measure in full the influence of Mr. LaFarge on contemporary art. Writers familiar with him and his life-long record of work have paid appreciative tribute to his genius from to-day's view point. It will be strange if time does not add greatly to his reputation, for, though always experimenting, he never departed from the sound principles on which all great art has been built.

In these galleries we shall miss the sight that had grown familiar in recent years. The frequent appearance of Mr. LaFarge, with his Japanese attendant, had grown to be an always expected event. Though he was most unobtrusive, there was an air of distinction in his presence that attracted the attention of even the strangers among the gallery visitors.

The direct object of his calls, when he had one, was frequently lost sight of in the long, interesting talks which led him far afield through many lands, and telephone or messenger was apt to be pressed into service soon after his departure to secure desired information; in fact we rarely considered a visit finished until the "follow-up" message had arrived. As a result of this, we have many characteristic letters in Mr. LaFarge's familiar writing—writing that must have brought despair to many a typesetter.

Mr. LaFarge was not a good business man but he was a great artist and a very true friend.

It is very gratifying to see the intelligent interest shown by the public school children in the picture exhibitions of each season. Free tickets are generously distributed to them by the Academy of Design, the Architectural League and the New York Water Color Club.

One of the most encouraging signs in the art world is seen in the eagerness of cities everywhere, but especially in the middle and far west, to secure exhibitions of pictures by native artists.

There seems to be an insatiable hunger for them. During the present season, as yet not far advanced, I have had more applications for pictures than ever before. I have met them as far as possible, but increasing demands here make it impossible during the busy season to give many favorable responses. There is surely a great field here for some active organization that would keep in close touch with the artists. There would be no material return, but the satisfaction of giving artistic feasts where, under present conditions, they are rarely possible, ought to induce some of our wealthy collectors to inaugurate many a travelling exhibition.

In a comparatively small way the American Federation of Arts is doing this, and doing it well as far as it goes, but no one society can adequately meet the demand. There ought to be a hint here of a field of usefulness for the

"Society of Collectors" in this city. The members have ample means and experience to carry on a movement that would give artistic education, pleasure, and uplift that would not be second in influence to the epidemic of unendowed free libraries that are now in fashion.

That far-off fields are green, has once more been illustrated in Mr. John W. Alexander's reported views of an exhibition now open in Richmond, Indiana. "Richmond has one of the best exhibitions in the country. I wish New York could compare with it."

The fact is that, with the exception of a few pictures, mostly by local artists, every one exhibited was first shown in New York.

The good appearance of the group is undoubtedly owing to its wisely limited size.

There are only sixty-five canvases in all and thirty-two bronzes. Small and choice, Mr. Alexander, is the plan on which to build an exhibition that will be remembered.

Sheer merit has given to Miss Cornelia Bentley Sage the very enviable position of director of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo. Since the death of Mr. Kurtz, the former director, she has practically been in full charge, and the series of exhibitions arranged by her, with in-

finite labor and foresight, have ranked with the best in any part of the country. She has had thorough training, and will be sure to maintain the highest possible standard in the work of the museum that has done itself honor in securing her services.

I am a partisan of good picture dealers. It is they who create connoisseurs, who uphold and set off our qualities in the eyes of the ignorant, and who save us from having to sing our own praises. —*Alfred Stevens.*

I find there are a good many people, especially outside of New York, who have very erroneous ideas in regard to paintings.

They seem to have come to the conclusion that only the very wealthy are in a position to purchase them. It is quite true, of course, that a large number of pictures, by both home and foreign artists, are quite beyond the reach of people of moderate means, but these people should know that for very modest prices really good works of art, paintings in oil and water colors, bronzes and pottery, not to speak of other art objects, are obtainable.

From one hundred to five hundred dollars is a wide range, and within it pictures of excellent quality, by both young and well-known artists, may readily be obtained. There need not be a single "pot boiler" in such a collection, but pictures that will reflect credit on the taste of their owners and that, in all probability, will

prove a good investment from a commercial point of view.

In support of these views, I have in preparation a catalogue of such pictures, illustrated and descriptive, which will gladly be sent to any applicant.

Another state has fallen in line in the procession of those giving some formal recognition to the fact that there is such a thing as American Art. The Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts has just opened its first exhibition.

Seventy-six canvases and several pieces of sculpture have been tastefully arranged in the Hartford Atheneum, and great credit is due Mr. Charles N. Flagg, the sponsor of the show, and his companions on the Hanging Committee, Messrs. Guy Wiggins, Charles Foster, and H. C. White, for their success in the particularly difficult task of arranging a first exhibition really worth while.

I do not think it is a good plan for museums to permit the unrestricted copying of their pictures. Forgers very frequently abuse the privilege, and it ought to be possible to prevent this by regulations that would not work any hardships on honest copyists or students.

A copy should never be the same size as the original and the word "copy" should be plainly marked and maintained under penalty.

I shall always cherish the memory of a very delightful day spent as the guest of the late Winslow Homer towards the end of August. What proved to be his last illness had already laid its grip upon him, but in spite of pain he insisted on giving himself to me, and together we roamed over his Prout's Neck possessions, with their many wonderful views, far and near. He found an excuse for going to the farthest point in order to cut out some branches of shrubbery where insects were playing havoc on the grounds of one of his tenants.

Girt with a leather belt, in which he carried a formidable pruning blade, he was well prepared for an even more serious fray. "From this point I painted 'The Fox Hunt,' from over there, 'The Undertow,' and so on, pointing to the scene of many a familiar canvas.

Several times in years past, he had allowed me to possess quite a number of his splendid charcoal drawings, and although I said not a word about business, he knew I was always greedy for more. So, after luncheon, when he had asked for time to put his inner sanctum to rights, he went all over his portfolios in a vain effort to find sketches he would care to have seen. "No," he said after the last portfolio was closed, "you have had them all."

There were a few unframed water colors and perhaps a dozen others, framed and on his walls,

that stirred and delighted me beyond measure. He told me of their expected destination, and I knew that he would never part with them during his lifetime. He knew that his work was over, and, indeed, he had voluntarily abandoned it years before. He was sufficiently discerning to realize that he could not keep up to his highest water mark reached a few years ago, and he was determined that no inferior work should survive him. So there will be no sketch or failure to be dragged out to hurt his memory. His artistic record was made long ago, and it adds a brilliant chapter to the annals of truly American art.

The Chicago association known by the title, "Friends of American Art," has set an example that in some form could well be followed in every city in the country. More than a hundred citizens have promised to subscribe two hundred dollars a year for the next five years, to be used exclusively in the purchase of paintings and sculptures by American artists. This at once gives Chicago a splendid opportunity and a big responsibility.

Some heavy thinking would be required for the carrying out of such a scheme in our city. Who would decide on the pictures and where would they be housed? There would be much room for discussion over these points.

I have discovered the fact that it is no easy matter to make an annual exhibition of small bronzes that will maintain a high average of merit. For the first one, made in 1908, I had several years' work from which to glean, but now that I am restricted to the work of a year, the choice is smaller. Fortunately, I have discovered a few new sculptors, and their work added to the recent productions of old friends, will, I believe, make the coming December exhibition at least as good as its predecessors.

December will, as usual, see one of my galleries given up to a collection of drawings, mostly in water color. These and the bronzes in the second gallery will offer a goodly choice for seekers of holiday gifts.

Reports from Chicago all agree in declaring the present exhibition at the Art Institute the best of the many good ones made there. The advantages offered by the management were sufficient to induce artists of every rank to submit their best work for selection.

The jury seems to have done its work well, as the catalogue includes a most attractive array of names of our representative men.

Liberal purchases are in prospect for the permanent collection of the Institute.

Mr. John W. Alexander is still agitating the subject of a new large gallery for the exhibitions of the Academy of Design. I hope that he will get it and that good use will be made of it. It will probably come soon after proof is given, under present conditions of space, that there are more good pictures now being painted than can be shown in the Academy exhibitions. If the annual displays were restricted to pictures of high merit, the Fine Arts Building could provide ample space. I know there are many pictures that give promise of real achievement, and these should be shown too, but not in any exhibition that pretends to maintain the highest standard. I believe it would be a good plan to make the Spring Exhibition one of, say, a hundred canvases, declared by competent judges to represent the best work of the past year. It should be a real honor for an artist to have a picture included in such an exhibition, and to be promoted from the group in the December show which would be less exclusive.

Mr. Sartain has had another busy season abroad and has just returned with the fruits of his labor. His coming was somewhat delayed by a portrait order, in the execution of which his letters show him to have been deeply interested.

Of what use is it for a young artist to wish to exhibit too soon and in spite of everything? —*Alfred Stevens.*

Collectors and makers of exhibitions in Museums and elsewhere have become very much awake to the fact that Mr. Chauncey F. Ryder is an artist to be taken into very serious account. Without the aid of a jury, his pictures are being invited for every important exhibition and everywhere they are given a cordial reception. At present a group is being shown in the gallery of the Worcester Art Museum. His landscapes are full of beauty and refinement and thoroughly original in treatment. I can most cordially recommend this artist's work.

After long waiting we have at last received a few new canvases from Mr. Davies. This simple announcement will be sufficient to secure for them quick attention from discriminating friends.

Here is good advice given by a staff correspondent of the New York Tribune when reviewing the last Corcoran Gallery Exhibition of Contemporary Art.

If the "American Salon" which has been so long and so widely discussed is ever to be created in this country it can only be through the adoption of certain methods which may be summed up in a few words. Make your exhibition representative of the best men; give budding talent its chance, but do not unduly coddle it; restrain, so far as is humanly possible, the persistence of flat mediocrity and keep your collection of pictures within reasonable bounds. They bear these dictates of common sense in mind at Washington, and the result, admirable in itself, is also full of golden promise for the future.

The making of an exhibition of American pictures in Buenos Aires was an interesting experiment, and its success gratifying. Our pictures were cordially received by a people of whose artistic tastes we were not well informed. They have evidently kept in close touch with European art movements, and have been liberal patrons of artists in every field.

It may be difficult to follow up the success of this first attempt but the harvest is ripe for whoever is ready to reap so far away.

A full list of the many purchases is not yet at hand but the awards have been published. The jury has been more than liberal in this direction, not even forgetting that Philadelphia artists are accustomed to receive a lion's share when awards are being handed out.

Unless the Worcester Art Museum mends its ways, it will find itself a marked and ostracized institution. It should have been a sufficiently bold and wicked stroke for it to gobble up the great picture of "The Bathers," by William Morris Hunt, but, not content with that victory over more or less sleepy institutions, it strikes again, and gathers in the superb "Winifred Dysart," by George Fuller. While deploring its lack of consideration for its confreres, I cannot refrain from congratulating it on its wise courage.

It is earnestly hoped that every owner of a picture by the late Winslow Homer will gladly lend it for the proposed Memorial Exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum.

Mr. Beatty, director of the Carnegie Institute, was able to secure twenty-two canvases for his 1908 exhibition, and a wonderfully distinguished group they made, but every important canvas, in addition to these, should be included in the proposed exhibition. Nothing should be withheld that would add to the story of achievement by this great American artist.

This paying a fortune for a painting seems to me not only foolish but positively wicked. It does not make the picture a whit more valuable intrinsically. If there is anything sacred about the fine arts, the attempt to measure their worth by dollars is utterly vulgar. The great art museums do not publish to the world what they pay for their treasures, and there is a reason. The pleasure and profit that one gets out of a masterpiece cannot be measured by its price, and the less we think about cash values in the presence of a great work of art the better. The purpose of the artist in making it was as far removed from all mercenary considerations as is the east from the west. It ought to be as impossible for us to ask the price of a masterpiece in a public gallery as it is to ask a lady how much she gave for her jewels. As the best things in the world are literally priceless, it would be well to include works of art under the same category. So far as the livelihood of the artist is concerned, let it be enough that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

—*Boston Transcript.*

The opening exhibition of the new year in my gallery will be of portraits by Miss Ellen Emmet. They will be sure to make a distinguished group. As a rule I steadfastly refuse to exhibit portraits, having made exceptions only in the case of Miss Beaux and Miss Emmet. For this I feel sure I shall be forgiven by visitors to my exhibitions.

We are patiently awaiting some visible result of Mr. Chester Beach's stay in Rome, whither he went with his bride a few months ago for a year or two of hard work. The remarkable advance made in the past few years by this distinguished young sculptor, has dispelled any fear that foreign influence might spoil his strong individuality. His note will always be a very personal one and we look for really great achievements by him in the future.

The exhibition of contemporary American Art now being prepared for by the Corcoran Art Gallery, is sure to be a very fine one. I know a good many of the pictures that will be included and they are the very best efforts of the artists represented. The exhibition dates are December 13 to January 22.

After all nature is but a dictionary; the artist goes to her for words, not to copy; he must phrase in his own personal way if he wishes to achieve originality.

Jas. Hunecker in N. Y. Sun.

THE AMERICAN ART NEWS very properly calls attention to the fact that the list of our distinguished artists is practically ignored when nominations are being made for places in "The Hall of Fame for Great Americans."

There have been three elections at five-year intervals and Gilbert Stuart is the only artist that has been chosen thus far.

The judges, of whom there are one hundred, evidently do not view art seriously.

At last we have a real live American at the head of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Mr. Edward Robinson has had a thorough training for the position and has been sufficiently proved in the five years which he has served as Assistant Director to insure the confidence of the trustees. He will, therefore have a pretty free hand, probably, in carrying out his own ideas. The friends of American art will naturally be interested chiefly in his attitude towards its proper recognition. I think it may be said with justice, that during the years he has been connected with the Metropolitan, he has taken no step that would indicate a special interest in it.

He has a splendid opportunity, and we must look hopefully to his making a good use of it.

The hand that renovates is always more sacrilegious than that which destroys.

—Hawthorne.

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450 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

February, 1911

No. 42



THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER, BY CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE

In the world of American Art, the most important event of the season thus far has been the exhibition in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, from December thirteen to January twenty-two. Three hundred and thirty-two pictures were shown, and, while there was no strong array of masterpieces, the average quality was very high.

The arrangement of the pictures was excellent, every picture, with a very few unavoidable exceptions, being "on the line."

For such a dignified showing of native art every artist, whether represented or not, should feel proud and thankful. It is just through such displays that our artists will be taken seriously by those who have no opportunity in other ways to become familiar with their pictures.

No New Yorker could view this exhibition without feeling keen regret over the fact that its like would be wholly impossible in his city. There is no place available and no body of men ready-organized to undertake the task of making such an independent show. So, for the present, we must be content with the small opportunities afforded by the dealers' galleries for studying our artists' work, and the larger ones to be had by journeying to Philadelphia, Washington and Pittsburgh.

Though not officially recognized by the prize awarders, I believe the most universally approved-of picture in the Corcoran Gallery ex-

hibition was Charles W. Hawthorne's "Youth".

Long before its appearance, I knew that Mr. Hawthorne had "arrived", but its exhibition in Washington, despite very strong competition, compelled a host of others to come to the same conclusion. It has fallen to my lot to represent Mr. Hawthorne during his absence in Bermuda, and I am sure I have never had so many letters to reply to about any single picture as were called forth by this one. Would-be purchasers and exhibition-makers made frequent requests for the picture, but as it had passed from my control long ago into the hands of a discriminating purchaser, I could neither sell nor lend it. Its owner, however, has been forced to succumb to Miss Sage, the director of the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, who never takes the most emphatic "no" for a final answer when she wants a picture for one of her exhibitions. So it is included in a group of pictures by Mr. Hawthorne now on view in Buffalo.

The general verdict on this picture is summed up by a writer in *ART AND PROGRESS*, published in Washington by the American Federation of Arts: "The great picture of this (The Corcoran Gallery) exhibition, if the agreement of critics and public may be taken as indicative, is "Youth", by Chas. W. Hawthorne—a picture of a lad and lass standing hand in hand under an open sky at twilight. They are homely young people, but in their faces is the spark of the Divine, and the feeling which apparently is moving them, through common kinship

moves the observer. The effect of this picture is somewhat dependent on color, but robbed of this attribute it is still deeply significant."

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has earned the hearty thanks of the art community in so fittingly making a memorial exhibition of pictures by Winslow Homer. So much has been said and written recently concerning this really typical American artist that the large circle of people to whom he meant little more than a name will gladly take advantage of this fine opportunity to study his work.

Many, of course, know it well, but they, too, will welcome the exhibition that enables them to renew acquaintance with old favorites. Critics and reviewers do much to keep memories fresh concerning those who have achieved but ocular demonstration is needed to give fully the lesson of accomplishment.

The Metropolitan exhibition of Mr. Homer's work will show to every one on what a firm foundation the artist's reputation rests. It will doubtless raise a question as to whether his greatest accomplishments were wrought by aid of the medium of oil or water color. This is certainly open to debate. So also would be the question: if Winslow Homer was not the greatest water color artist of the past century, who was?

A master often does unskilfully a thing which is true, and a pupil skilfully a thing that is false.

—*Jean Paul Laurens.*

For the present my one-man-exhibitions are at an end. Mr. Hawthorne, Mr. McComas, Miss Ellen Emmet, and Mr. Snell have in succession presented their work and to remarkably large audiences.

Group exhibitions are now having their turn and a large number of artists will thus be enabled to show their pictures. In the first of these, open as I write, thirty artists are represented, each with a single picture. Substantial approval is being shown and the success of the group scheme so well assured that its continuance may be looked for.

Pictures by the following artists not hitherto represented in my gallery are now being shown. George DeForest Brush, Emil Carlsen, Spencer Fuller, Wilton Lockwood, Richard E. Miller, Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., Gardner Symons, and Miss Juliet M. White.

Whether merely in art or through the great social order, every academic phase of life is in the end bound to be followed by a reaction born of the need of all creative conditions for freedom. After freedom is achieved more often than not follows its misuse by the uninspired, and on the great strong fine limbs of truth and reality will appear fungous growths,—whimsicality, eccentricity, insincerity. And then, after these have flourished and flowered, there is a revolt back to the academy, the riot of fanaticism dwindles away weakly into the formal and the restricted. The repetition of this circle is unending through centuries of history, and all phases of our civilisation, politics, morals and beauty are whirled from convention to freedom and back again, making somewhat of progress in the revolution.

—*The Craftsman.*

If the coming exhibition of the National Academy is not a thoroughly good one, it will be the fault, mainly, of those members who have not enough pride in its success to send any of their pictures instead of offering their very best. The many excellent artists outside Academy membership cannot be blamed for holding aloof when so many inside the pale ignore their plain obligation. The members who, without good cause, refrain from exhibiting at least once each year should be suspended for the first omission and on repetition should have their names stricken from the roll.

It is reported that the beautiful New Museum being built in Toledo, Ohio, will be dedicated next autumn.

One does not need to reach far back in memory to the time when dealers in foreign pictures were decidedly unfriendly to American pictures. The occasional one, taken on consignment, was grudgingly shown even when asked for, and the foreign product, representing greater profit, was eagerly urged in its stead. Times have changed, and the insistent demand for native pictures has not only forced an entrance for them into every dealer's stock room, but they are given prominent space in his exhibition gallery. Typical, and worth repeating, is the rather well-known story of a consigned Homer Martin picture. The dealer never could

find it when asked to show it and only discovered it after its owners threatened to sue for its recovery.

The dealer would be a rare specimen indeed who would allow a Homer Martin picture to get lost in his stock now-a-days.

The Metropolitan Museum having once more shown what it can do in giving recognition to American Art by way of special exhibitions should follow up the good work by an annual showing of pictures by living artists. Scattering of flowers on dead men's graves is eminently fitting and right, and full of comfort to those still in the thick of the fight. It is not a reason, however, for withholding recognition and encouragement from to-day's workers. The hope and promise of a Metropolitan Exhibition to every artist who, in his special direction, has gained foremost rank, would be one of the greatest incentives to effort. The Metropolitan Museum could, I think, be depended on to avoid politics and choose, without bias, the artists who might deserve such special distinction.

Although circulars have only recently been sent out giving dates and other particulars concerning the National Academy exhibition that will open in The Fine Arts Society Building on March 11th, it is quite possible to forecast the opinions that it will call forth. There will be a long array from "the very best ever seen" to

"the very worst it has ever been our misfortune to view". It is a great pity that open minds cannot be carried to these annual shows and the pictures judged solely on their merits. The last autumn exhibition probably came in for a more than usual share of abuse. It was not a great show, but no unprejudiced visitor could fail to find a very respectable array of really good canvases. To call attention to these would be more helpful than to heap abuse on the others.

A winner in the Chicago Art Institute Exhibition at the opening of the season, Mr. Daniel Garber gained additional and well deserved recognition in Washington. His beautiful "April Landscape" captured a prize, and placed him in the front rank of our younger artists. He has since gained added distinction by being invited to make a special exhibition of his pictures in the gallery of the exclusive St. Botolph Club in Boston. Later in the season he will be seen in one of my group exhibitions. He deserves the serious attention now being accorded to him.

I heartily congratulate the Metropolitan Museum and the Worcester Art Museum on the acquisition of representative groups of water colors by Winslow Homer. It was most fortunate that both were afforded opportunity to secure them and that they were prompt in seizing the opportunity when it came.

While enjoying a much-needed, hard-earned, vacation in Greece, Mr. Davies has been honored by the Chicago Art Institute where a special exhibition of a group of his pictures has been exhibited by special invitation. The recognition given his pictures on their first appearance there has been most gratifying, and indicates an unsuspected feeling and sentiment for creative art in a city generally supposed to be given over to commercialism. The group of men known as "Friends of American Art", stand for much more than the abundant dollars they have subscribed would indicate. They have wholesome, independent convictions as shown by their purchases for the Art Institute. Selections made from the early winter exhibition of the Institute and from Mr. Davies' exhibition, mark them as connoisseurs who know how to serve the best interests of the community in the direction in which they have chosen to work. The picture by Mr. Davies chosen for a permanent place in the Art Institute collection is his masterly "Maya,—Mirror of Illusions."

If a greater picture, even by Mr. Davies, has been produced in this country, I do not know it. I feel very sure that time will confirm this opinion. I heartily congratulate Chicago on the acquisition of this veritable masterpiece.

Mr. Robert Henri recently gave a talk to the Art Society of Columbus, Ohio. Columbus needed it and needed it badly!

In the death of Mr. Herman Schaus, Fifth Avenue loses one of its veteran picture dealers. The history of his gallery tells the story of the many changes in the picture world here and of the gradual development of taste through the days in which the old Dusseldorf school held sway until supplanted by the Barbizon men in their more free and poetic interpretation of nature. The works of these artists had for several years a prominent place in the Schaus Gallery and choicest examples were exhibited annually. American artists were not accorded much recognition by Mr. Schaus. Mr. Julian Rix and Mr. Albert Groll were, I believe, the only natives in whose pictures he took special interest. I knew the Schaus Gallery first in its old location on Broadway, opposite Astor Place, just before it was moved to Fifth avenue and Madison Square. It was Mr. Schaus who imported the famous "Gilder" by Rembrandt, and I well remember the furore it created at the time. Few who had not been abroad had ever seen an example of the artist's work.

The public was allowed to gaze at the precious canvas for a few consecutive afternoons and on one of these I was in the procession that was permitted to file slowly past the easel on which it was placed.

Now we are so rich in Rembrandt pictures that they are regarded, with other choice treasures, as a matter of course.

Mr. Schaus had so little sympathy with new

movements in art that it is doubtful whether he could, in a longer career, have adapted himself to changed conditions. What he aimed to do in the world of art he did well, but younger men have joined a procession in which he could never have taken a part.

That exhibitions in my gallery gain for artists a wide recognition has been well illustrated in the history of the December bronze show. It was seen by a very large number of visitors, who bought generously, but it was also seen by discriminating out-of-town exhibition-makers, eager to put it before the art lovers of their several cities. Just now it is being enjoyed by visitors to the beautiful Art Museum in Worcester, Mass., and, later, will be seen in the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, and in Chicago. Indeed I find it difficult to keep my exhibitions intact until their close. Pictures from them, if not the whole exhibitions, are in constant demand for out-of-town showing.

You do ill if you praise but worse if you censure what you do not really understand. —*Leonardo Da Vinci.*

The coming exhibition of American Art in Rome promises to be a very fine one. Commissioner-General Harrison S. Morris has worked hard for several months on the work of selection and the result is sure to add one more to his many past successes in making first-class exhibitions.

The Italian authorities have made very liberal

guarantees, including one of \$100,000 for the purchase of works exhibited. They also offer prizes amounting in the aggregate to \$40,000.

The exhibition is to open on March 27, and will continue throughout the summer.

Here is a hint from experience for those who are clamoring for a big building for picture exhibitions. In the first part of the eighteenth century it was quite a usual practice for artists to make their debut by exposing their pictures in the open air in the Place Dauphine, Paris. It was looked upon as a sort of Salon, held for one day only. The great artist Chardin made his first public exhibition in this way in 1728.

In view of the open-door attitude of New York picture dealers, I do not believe that our English friends can graft on American habit the "admission by visiting card only"—exclusive scheme. It was recently tried during our exhibition in a prominent hotel but was a decided non-success.

When visitors find that the giving of their addresses leads, later, to pestering visits at home or office they are sure to rebel. The well-known free and easy admissions on "Picture Lane" suit art lovers pretty well.

Detroit is rejoicing in the acquisition of a splendid new site for an Art museum.

It covers two city blocks with an area of six hundred feet square. The building at present in use became out-of-date many years ago.

I recently heard a suggestion made in reference to a site for an exhibition building that seems to me worth considering seriously. The Academy of Design already owns a fine property on Amsterdam Avenue with ample space for galleries.

One story structures, increased in number as needed, would most admirably meet any requirements and the expense would be moderate. A very few years ago this location would have been quite unsuitable but times have changed and one hundred and third street is no longer too far up-town. For a majority of people who would ride in the subway it is much more accessible than the fifty-seventh street galleries.

The erection of these simple galleries could be undertaken without delay and the adoption of the plan would, I believe, win for the Academy many friends from the present ranks of its critics. The plan is sensible and feasible and I believe there is money in hand for carrying it out.

When I sit down before nature, pencil in hand, my first care is to forget I ever made a picture. — *Constable*.

An independent weekly publication devoted solely to American Art interests could at this time be made most valuable. It would not be a money-maker, but it would be so directly helpful in advancing a good cause that it ought to find ample support at the hands of both artists and dealers.

The young men are having their day in the present exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy and it cannot be denied that they are making good use of it. They lend a bright and hopeful tone to the whole show and have forced serious recognition.

"Tonalists" are conspicuous by their absence, which is to be regretted. It seems a pity that men of many methods cannot send to annual exhibitions feeling assured that they will receive intelligent treatment in the hanging of their pictures. I know many who refuse to submit pictures because of the lack of system in keeping together groups of sympathetic canvases. Where there are several exhibition rooms this would seem to be the perfectly obvious thing to do. Philadelphia has made a good job of the difficult hanging task and a majority of the pictures are seen to advantage. I suppose it has been proved that natives of the Quaker City will not go out in the evening even to see good pictures, and that this is the reason for closing the Academy galleries at five o'clock. I think a good many enterprising New Yorkers would visit the splendid annual exhibitions if evening opportunities were offered.

The City Club here and the Newark Museum Association are both showing interesting groups of pictures of New York city subjects. I hope these exhibitions will stimulate the use of subjects which abound in every direction in the greater city.

The disastrous fire on the grounds of the late Brussels exhibition, gave a warning to lenders of pictures that will be sure to be heeded. Priceless masterpieces that have passed into the custody of public institutions should remain there permanently and not be subjected to the many risks attending their exhibition elsewhere.

On the other hand a good many pictures are being housed in our public galleries that should be lent freely on every occasion that presents itself, and with the hope that something may happen that would forever prevent their return. Fires have their uses.

If one laments the premature death of a painter, one should also sometimes mourn for him, who, for his art, lives to be old.

—*Alfred Stevens*

The new art committee of the Union League Club deserves to be congratulated on its first exhibition held early this month.

The chairman, Mr. Watrous, evidently intends to make the most of a fine opportunity to give prominence to the best American pictures in the series of exhibitions so splendidly inaugurated.

Industry in art is a necessity, not a virtue.—*Whistler*.

The great and only KAISER is, above all things, true to his artistic convictions. This being so, of course he had to refuse his consent to the conferring on Auguste Rodin of the *Order of Merit* unanimously awarded by the Academy of Arts.

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May, 1911

No. 43



WILLIAM KEITH

The clubs have earned the gratitude of all art lovers this season for their fine series of exhibitions of American pictures made at frequent intervals.

The Lotos improved on former good records and the Union League, with a brand new art committee, broke away from traditions, under the leadership of Mr. Harry Watrous, and gave every home school an opportunity to present its claims for consideration. It required some courage to do this but the committee was amply justified in steering a liberal course. An American School of Art is being formed, and to no one school, or clique, has the whole truth been entrusted. A blend of all brands will eventually give us a really national art.

As usual, the Engineers' Club gave but one exhibition, concentrating its annual effort on it.

Chairman Andrews has a happy way of not caring by whom a picture is painted if it measure up to his high standard, and thus new names are always found in his catalogues.

The City Club has not as good facilities as some others for showing pictures, but it makes the best of the situation and sets a good example in keeping pictures constantly on view, changing the canvases frequently.

All these are most generous in their arrangements for admitting non-members, both ladies and gentlemen, and very large numbers see every exhibition.

While there have been no exhibitions of startling note during the season, the average has been most excellent. In my own gallery, as in some others, less prominence than usual was given to familiar and well worn names, and pictures of real merit by men young in years or comparatively new in the exhibition field were given deserved prominence.

By following the group exhibition plan, friends both old and new were afforded an opportunity to contribute of their best, and a larger number was represented than would have been possible under the old one-man plan. The group system met cordial approval and has come to stay. Even with its larger possibilities, it met only in a very limited measure the ever increasing demand for gallery space.

Of the pictures that I cordially like, and would gladly exhibit, time and space permit the showing of a comparatively small number. In spite of the welcome increase each year of new dealers' galleries and the good work of the clubs, the situation in regard to showing a majority of deserving pictures does not improve much. The supply of exhibition facilities for the constantly enlarging annual picture crop is a good deal like the relation of transit facilities to a growing population.

A most enjoyable event of the season was a dinner tendered to Mr. W. T. Evans at the Lotos Club by fellow members, mostly artists. It was a well deserved tribute to one who has

done splendid service for the cause of American art for many years.

Mr. Robinson and Mr. DeForest, representing the Metropolitan Museum, Prof. Hooper, of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys and other lay and professional speakers, expressed hearty appreciation of the good work done by the guest of the evening.

Several of the artists present at the Evans' dinner would do well to take to heart at least one item of advice given by Dr. Humphreys in his address. It was to the effect that those who are inadequately represented in public collections should withdraw such pictures and substitute their very best present-day performances.

The public is pretty sure to measure a man by his museum pictures, and if these are early, half-baked performances, he has only himself to blame if he be adjudged of very small artistic stature. I have more than once heard artists express the wish that some one would buy good pictures from them, to be substituted for the acknowledged bad ones in this or that museum.

It never seems to occur to these gentlemen that their own best interests, even if they care nothing for the public, would demand that their record should be kept at high water mark.

False Winslow Homers are beginning to make their appearance. Would-be purchasers of this artist's work would do well to be cautious.

A few years ago who would have thought of sending an enquiring stranger to the Metropolitan Museum to learn what had been accomplished by American artists? There have been a goodly number of native pictures in the collection for many years and a majority will always be valuable as illustrating the history of our art. From an up-to-date point of view, however, the collection was very poor. Happily conditions have changed enormously, and no one has now an excuse for remaining in ignorance of what representative American art is like. The Hearn Gallery, recently re-arranged, presents a splendid array of canvases by many of our foremost men, and outside this monument to a merchant's munificence, there are many very fine works in other rooms.

Judging from the purchases made in the past two or three years from the Hearn and other funds, it is evident that the up-to-date plan is to be vigorously prosecuted.

A splendid landscape by Mr. Childe Hassam, I learn, has just been added, and this, following close on the purchase of Mr. Hawthorne's beautiful and distinguished Academy picture, "The Trousseau," is most gratifying to every believer in the pre-eminence of contemporary art in this country. We can now really "point with pride" to the American section of our Museum.

An artist may be flattered by opinions but his success with the world comes only by the echoes of these among the masses. — *W. S.*

With the final recent dispersion at public auction of every remaining picture and drawing by Mr. LaFarge, the last opportunity for any large choice of his work has passed. The Brooklyn Institute very wisely secured a good many examples, both in oil and water color, but most of the others were evidently bought for private collections.

I am congratulating myself on the possession of a fine group of his water colors and, perhaps, his best work done in oil in recent years, the beautiful "Kwaunon," purchased direct from Mr. LaFarge a year or more before his death.

Mr. J. Francis Murphy has not found it necessary to die in order to win.

The auction room history of his pictures is probably unique. The occasional ones offered in important collections invariably fetch much higher prices than his own studio valuations. The splendid quality of his work of course accounts for the extraordinary demand for it, and as he is a very slow workman the annual supply is very small. If Mr. Murphy valued his bank account as much as he values his reputation, the story would be very different. He would then turn out plenty of pictures of some sort and mark them at high prices. He is wise enough to know that no lasting reputation would follow this plan and that he would soon accumulate enough unsold pictures to crowd a studio that now never has one left over at the end of a season.

Early in the season I took opportunity to call special attention through ART NOTES to the work of Mr. Chauncey F. Ryder. My confidence in this artist's work has been more than justified by the reception accorded to it. Few individuals have received more attention from those whose opinion in art matters is of value. I predict for this gifted artist a distinguished career.

A few years ago a seeker for American pictures in the hands of Fifth Avenue dealers would have had a difficult task. By persistent enquiry a few might have been grudgingly shown, but outside the walls of the MACBETH GALLERY rarely could one have been found on open exhibition. Now, happily, in spite of the large increase of picture houses on the Avenue, it would be equally difficult to find any ignoring American art.

To be sure, the demand is in spite of a majority of these brethren, but the demand has been insistent and must be met. Every gallery that shows honest American pictures, no matter from what motive, should be welcomed and encouraged.

We cannot have too many clean outlets for the good pictures. There are a few outlets, very few, I am glad to say, that are not clean. I wish a way could be devised for their suppression.



BY WILLIAM KEITH

IN THE GROVE

The news of the death of Mr. William Keith in his Berkeley, California, home was received by his many friends here with keen regret. He had been ill for a long time and the news was not unexpected. I saw him last in his San Francisco studio in August, 1909, and he was then in very poor health but still full of enthusiasm and hearty good humor. I had known him since 1893; the following year I made the first exhibition of his pictures in this city, and through the remainder of his life our relations were of the most cordial kind. He had a very large circle of friends scattered all over the country. A surprisingly large number of eastern picture lovers knew him personally, as well as through his pictures, and none of them would consider a visit to California complete without a call at the Keith studio.

No artist ever took greater delight in his work. He lived to paint, and though material success came to him in very large measure, it never gave him half as much satisfaction as did his work for its own sake.

There was not a sordid ounce in his make-up. In spite of him, his art brought him plenty of money, but he never painted with an eye towards such a result.

When George Inness visited California some years before his death, Mr. Keith generously allowed him the use of his studio. Out of this grew many unwarranted tales of Keith studying with Inness and of radical change in his work thereafter. The fact is that Mr. Inness made

himself so completely at home in the temporary quarters, that there was no room for the host either to study or paint and he was practically forced to take a holiday during the interruption. The pictures done after the Inness visit were on precisely the same lines as his earlier work. I can speak of this from personal knowledge. There was one point of decided similarity in the two men. Enthusiasm drove each to work constantly, with all his might, regardless of mood, and in consequence produced pictures varied in quality from exceedingly good to downright bad. They were men of too much genius to work on the level of the artisan.

I presented the last special exhibition of Mr. Keith's pictures in April, 1907; a group of twenty-four selected canvases, some painted before and a few after the great San Francisco disaster.

The exhibition was splendidly received and the comments in regard to it that reached Mr. Keith gave him great pleasure. From the preface to my catalogue of that exhibition I quote the following facts of his career.

"William Keith was born in Scotland in 1839. Coming to New York in 1850, he learned the art of wood engraving and practiced it in the service of Messrs. Harper Brothers until 1861, when he went to California. For some years he continued to engrave, painting only in his leisure hours. His longest absence from California was of two years, spent chiefly in Munich.

In 1893 he went abroad for the last time, expecting to remain for many months. Homesickness for California, however, drove him back in a very few weeks, and he has ever since remained there, recording the scenes and effects which have an ever-increasing fascination for him."

Looking over an old scrap-book recently, I came across a catalogue of an exhibition of thirty-three canvases by Theodore Robinson, given in my gallery in 1895. The accompanying newspaper comments are very interesting as read in the light of 1911 and show that the writers were a long way in advance of the general and comparatively small art-loving public. Cordial praise was given to the pictures by most reviewers but the result on the financial side was very disappointing to both artist and dealer. Only one picture was purchased and that by one of Robinson's pupils.

The regrettable thing, as we see it now, was the fact that this artist, like his advanced contemporary, Twachtman, was born too soon. I believe it would be quite impossible for either artist to suffer from neglect now-a-days.

While living, they were considered by many to be very extreme in their methods, but, compared with some of the productions that afflict us now, they were tame and academic. This should teach us not to complain too bitterly of to-day's offenses.

The courageous critic of the New York Sun

has just published the confession that he once considered Manet a madman and that he swore by Gèrôme and Bonnat!

So, possibly, some of us may live to swear by artists *at whom we now swear.*

Although incorporated so recently as October, 1910, the group of Chicago art lovers known as FRIENDS OF AMERICAN ART have accomplished much. In the foreword to their first Year Book, they state that "the society was organized for the purpose of providing the Art Institute of Chicago with a collection of the best works of American artists, and hopes, in so doing, to bring about a better appreciation of their productions, to encourage them to greater effort, and to secure for them recognition from their own countrymen."

A splendid purpose this, and that a splendid beginning has been made in carrying it out the Year Book shows. Sixteen paintings have been purchased and also one piece of sculpture, at a total cost of \$28,862.

These purchases do not by any means measure the good done by the society. The mere announcement of its purpose enabled the Art Institute to present to the citizens of Chicago an exceedingly fine exhibition, and ensured for future exhibitions still greater success. It will be strange if the influence of the society is not seen in other cities in the adoption of its plan. Buffalo is already aiming to follow the Chicago lead, and even New York may be in-

duced to fall in line. THE FRIENDS OF AMERICAN ART in Chicago deserve the gratitude of every American artist and of every institution that favors encouragement to native art.

I heartily congratulate THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE on the recently acquired magnificent gift of eighteen pictures by George Inness. This places it immeasurably beyond any other public institution in a comprehensive showing of this distinguished artist's work.

Although the season of special catalogued exhibitions is over, there will be no lack of good pictures on view in my galleries. In fact the exhibitions crowded out many fine canvases that will now have a first opportunity for gallery notice. Throughout the summer there will always be found on view pictures worth seeing and visitors will be most welcome every day whether they come for study or in quest of pictures for purchase.

Visitors at all seasons may come here assured of an opportunity to view pictures without fear of encountering obstreperous attention.

I believe it rarely happens that a young artist, who, for any extended period, is under the influence of a powerful master, escapes the contagion of his characteristics, and yet this is just what has occurred in the case of Mr. Ivan Olinsky. For some eight years he was closely associated with Mr. John La Farge, to whom he was a much valued assistant. Any influence of the

great artist on Mr. Olinsky's work was lost sight of completely in a few years' absence abroad. Since his return to this country, occasional canvases have been seen in my gallery and elsewhere which have marked Mr. Olinsky as an artist worth regarding.

I know him best through his interpretations of Venetian subjects, which he has rendered in a decidedly personal way and with great ability. He is sure to attract discriminating attention in future exhibitions.

On April 27th the Fifteenth Annual International Exhibition of paintings was opened in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Three hundred and forty-five canvases are shown, one hundred and forty-three being by American artists.

Mr. J. Alden Weir has been deservedly honored by having a whole gallery assigned to him in which he makes a fine showing with thirty-seven representative canvases.

The usual plan of hanging foreign and home pictures together has been followed with good result, and, as far as method is concerned, the distinction of school is not very apparent.

The average quality of the pictures is a good one, but there are few of great distinction.

Not many agree on prize winners in any exhibition, but it is always easier to express disapproval in regard to awards than to improve on the verdict of a jury. The givers of prizes are of course actuated by the best of motives,

but that prizes ever improve the quality of an exhibition is most unlikely. A buying fund, I am sure, is productive of more good by way of stimulant than a prize fund.

That New York cannot repeat the annual Carnegie Institute Exhibition, is always a subject of regret. It seems a pity, in view of the expenditure of a very large sum of money and of much intelligent effort, that the collection cannot be seen every year in several cities. Rumors of co-operation on the part of other museums are often afloat, but nothing definite is done even where galleries exist. In New York of course there is no place where such a large exhibition could be housed.

Often ornateness
Goes with greatness;
Often felicity
Comes of simplicity.

Talent that's cheapest
Affects singularity;
Thoughts that lie deepest
Rise radiant in clarity.

—*Watson.*

The subject of art is more than a cheap and sugary prettiness, accidental or skin deep; and, in fact, good technique can hardly be employed on such stuff as that. The beauty for art to deal with is that of strength as well as of delicacy: of passion and rebelliousness as well as of serenity and peace. It is something untellable, something that defies explanation unless it is also seen and felt—organic vitality. —*George Bourne.*

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December, 1911

No. 44



CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE

In its November issue that most excellent little magazine, ART AND PROGRESS, published by the American Federation of Arts, gives space to a correspondent for the issue of a belated cry. With coat flung aside, and sleeves rolled up, he demands, "Why should we let American painters starve while we spend money for works by foreign artists long dead—works which in many instances are but imitations, spurious copies, fakes?" Bless the dear man of good intentions, he is many years behind the procession. Meritorious work by American artists is not by any means neglected, nor are their authors either starving or asking odds of any school. Copies of any sort are an evil but "spurious copies" to which this writer refers must be terrors indeed to give him such a fright. I can assure him that the deserving American artists in spite of them are having an altogether delightful time with ample opportunity to provide against future rainy days. I know several who have been more disturbed over the recent break in the "Steel Market" than over any predilection on the part of collectors for pictures by foreign artists.

Preparations are advancing for my annual exhibition of small bronzes.

There is good reason to predict that it will be at least as fine as its three predecessors.

The latest one proved abundantly that this

form of artistic expression is to have very serious attention when it deserves it. The exhibition of last year was invited for various cities, and, beginning with the Art Museum, Worcester, travelled extensively for nine months, making its last appearance in the John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis. Many sales were made and very gratifying comments printed wherever the bronzes were shown.

Sculptors need not hesitate, through fear of any lack of public interest, to devote time and talent to the production of small bronzes.

THE Art Museum, Syracuse, has just purchased for its permanent collection a fine picture of a Mother and Child by Mr. Hawthorne. It is a splendid example of the artist's work.

This is the "off year" of The Corcoran Gallery, Washington. In order to keep up to the high standard of its past exhibitions of contemporary American pictures, the trustees have decided to glean the best productions from two years of work rather than to confine the choice to the work of a single season.

It will be difficult for the trustees to fill the place of Mr. Victor G. Fischer who recently resigned. His judgment and energy were greatly valued by his fellow trustees and they have accepted his resignation with real regret.

In the short time that Mr. Fischer has been

established in this city he has made an enviable record as a dealer in ancient pictures.

It is expected that the beautiful new museum in Toledo will be finished early in the new year. The opening exhibition will be a notable one. I have seen a partial list of the pictures that will be shown in it and it includes many of the choicest examples in both public and private collections.

The American section will be very strong, and it is important that it should be so as there will also be shown the very best from other schools both past and present. President Libbey does nothing on a small scale.

Mr. J. Francis Murphy is still in seclusion in his mountain studio at Arkville. As there are no summer boarders now in the neighborhood to interrupt his work, he is probably bringing some canvases to completion. Very few arrived at that desirable stage last year, and it is hoped that he will have more to show when he returns to civilization at the end of the year.

Among the various kinds of things done by men only because they like, the fine arts are those of which the results afford to many permanent and disinterested delight, and of which the performance, calling for premeditated skill, is capable of regulation up to a certain point, but, that point passed, has secrets beyond the reach and a freedom beyond the restraint of rules. —*Sidney Colvin.*

A few years ago the manager of one of the big out-of-town annual exhibitions printed a most desirable clause in his invitation circular mailed to artists.

He asked each one to name the lowest price that would be accepted for any picture contributed, as no offers below catalogue prices would be considered or submitted. At the opening of the exhibition this same manager when asked to name the price of a picture gave the catalogue figure adding, unasked, that he would enquire of the artist whether he would accept a lower price. No sale resulted.

The sliding scale plan of prices current in most exhibitions is, I feel sure, very detrimental to their success from a business point of view. No one knows when he is paying the proper price and those to whom bargaining is distasteful simply refrain from purchasing.

If the rule never to submit an offer to an artist were lived up to prices would find a sane level in every exhibition and business could be conducted in a dignified and honest way.

Reports from Chicago would seem to show that our eastern men have not been alive to their responsibilities. There is a growing coterie of good artists in the west, and these are very ready to put their best foot foremost in the annual exhibitions in the Art Institute. Our eastern men must look to their laurels, and

it will not add to their reputation among the fast growing numbers of western art patrons, if they persist in contributing old or second-rate canvases. The best by all, and the best all the time in every exhibition, is what will eventually gain for American Art the recognition it deserves.

Mr. Chas. W. Hawthorne sailed for Europe a few days ago for a well earned vacation. He had a summer of very hard work at his picturesquely located Provincetown studio, producing a few pictures that will be sure to add to his already high reputation. The honor of an invitation to show a group of pictures in the St. Botolph Club, Boston, has delayed the presentation of his new work in New York, but it will be available for here very soon. The new canvases are too few for a special exhibition, but the individual pictures will be shown separately to all who care to see them.

The task of putting a peck of beans into a quart measure once given to a new grocery boy, would be an enviable one in the eyes of the Fifth Avenue picture dealer to-day. He has before him the equally impossible task of exhibiting pictures for a few hundred artists in a season so short that not over ten exhibitions of two weeks each are possible.

In the case of the beans, the left-over ones

never had any grudge against the grocery lad, but every one of the left-over artists is quite sure the dealer does not know a real artist when he sees him.

In view of the conditions above described, I welcome with genuine pleasure the opening of the rooms of the MacDowell Club, One Hundred and Eight West Fifty-fifth Street, for exhibition purposes. Self-organized groups are here given an opportunity, on reasonable terms, to show pictures for a period of two weeks. The season is reckoned from November first until May thirty-first.

It is not by any means intended that the exhibitors shall be artists who are denied an opportunity to show their pictures elsewhere. Applications for space have already been made by men whose pictures have often been given a place in the best annual shows.

Early in the new year I have arranged to exhibit a group of pictures and drawings by Mr. Elihu Vedder. Pictures by this distinguished artist have been too infrequently seen in our exhibitions, and I am very glad that I have prevailed on him to allow his friends to renew acquaintance with his work. To those who may wish to be advised of the date, I shall be glad to send it as soon as it is fixed.

Mr. Daniel Garber is to be congratulated upon the additional honor that has come to him in the shape of the Potter Gold Medal and its accompanying \$1000. at the present exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago. This is the fifth award that has been granted him in the past two years. They include the first Hallgarten Prize at the National Academy in 1909; Honorable Mention at the Carnegie Institute, in 1910; and the Walter Lippincott Prize of the Pennsylvania Academy and the Fourth Prize and Honorable Mention at the Corcoran Gallery this year. Not a bad record for a young man!

One of the big treats now in preparation is an exhibition of pictures by Mr. Davies. As yet the public has seen no result of his late trip to Greece, but he has not been idle for a day since his return. His coming show will be one of the real events of the season.

As I write, news has just been received of the sudden death in Florence of Howard Pyle. Last time I saw him he seemed to be in prime health and was full of enthusiasm for the work he was doing. The part that seemed to interest him most was his school where he was always glad to lend his time and talent for the practical training of those who showed decided talent for painting and illustration. His studio and school were within easy distance from his beautiful, hospitable home.

The last showing of his paintings was made in my gallery just three years ago.

It was referred to by one of the art writers as "the most heart-warming artistic opportunity in New York at this time." The exhibition proved that Mr. Pyle was a painter of distinction as well as one of our foremost illustrators.

Mr. Chauncey Ryder has returned from his summer of hard work at his New Hampshire home. His new canvases are full of beauty and reveal an intimate acquaintance with nature in every mood.

An important canvas has gone, by invitation, to the autumn exhibition of the Chicago Art Institute.

The American picture Exhibition just closed in Rome has somehow fared very badly at the hands of art writers,—that is, of the few who have paid any attention to it at all.

A study of the catalogue fails to show any legitimate reason for this. Our best known artists were represented, and while, in addition, there was a goodly list of younger artists, their pictures were selected by Harrison S. Morris, who for many years, when director of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, taught us that in order to see the very best annual exhibitions of work by American artists it was necessary to go to Philadelphia; and I cannot

believe that the man whose discrimination and experience made former shows notably fine can have failed in making a good selection for Rome. I wish the collection could be shown here in its entirety on its return to this country.

I was recently asked to state into how many groups or schools the following artists should be placed: — Benson, Chase, Davis, Groll, Hassam, Keith, Walter McEwen, Metcalf, Murphy, Ranger, Redfield, Schofield, Tarbell, Tryon, Walker, and Ballard Williams. I responded to my correspondent's request as best I could, but I should be very glad to have other opinions on the subject. I therefore invite ART NOTES readers to help in a solution of the question. It would be of additional interest to have other names added to each group represented.

I have several times called attention to the work of Kenneth Hayes Miller. I earnestly advise lovers of the highest artistic expression to keep in close touch with what this artist is doing. His art is most profound and touches deeply nature's fundamental truths. He searches keenly and expresses himself in a very personal manner.

Mr. Sartain, after another season of hard work in France, has returned to his New York studio. The best of his new canvases will shortly be ready for showing in my gallery.

Each season sees one or two, sometimes three, new names added to the list of artists whose pictures I am very glad to show in my gallery. The first new comer this season will be Mr. F. C. Frieseke, with an exhibition of new work, during the last two weeks in January. Through occasional pictures shown in this city and elsewhere, this artist has become pretty well known. His canvases have added a real note of distinction to recent exhibitions in The Corcoran Gallery, Washington, The Art Institute, Chicago, The Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, and in The Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Mr. Frieseke chooses to paint effects of light and air, and works in an absolutely personal way.

The coming exhibition will be his first showing in this country of a considerable number of canvases. He has had abundant success abroad, and I predict for him a still more cordial recognition here.

The formal opening, not yet announced, of the new galleries of Messrs. M. Knoedler and Company, will be an event of importance on Picture Lane. I heartily congratulate this prosperous firm on its splendid equipment and choice new location.

A too short arm now and then by Rembrandt is nevertheless "alive"; the arm of an academic drudge, executed in exact proportions, remains inert.

—*Alfred Stevens.*

Mr. Ballard Williams was so enthusiastic over the artistic possibilities of the great Cañon of Arizona last year that he could not resist the call to return this fall. He has just come back from that wonder region with a wealth of color sketches which will doubtless be well utilized in the work of the immediate future. I had the privilege of seeing the few pictures resulting from last year's trip, before they passed to permanent homes in private collections, and if the new ones equal them a notable addition will have been made to the record of high achievement in American landscape art.

In the study of pictures of doubtful authenticity, too much stress is laid on certain extraneous marks on canvas or frame.

A frame often does service for many pictures, and unless care is taken to remove all old labels, confusion is sure to arise. A spurious Inness was recently offered to me in a frame bearing one of my labels. The frame had been mine long ago, but the picture was of very recent origin.

In the death of Mr. Louis R. Ehrich, Fifth Avenue has lost a picture dealer who had attained rare expert knowledge in the specialty to which he devoted his time and talent. His book learning on the subject of the old masters was probably unequaled in the city; he could

readily quote all that experts had written about any picture that came under observation. Many an American collection has been enriched as a result of his indefatigable research and knowledge. That he was forced into occasional controversy was inevitable, but he never failed to show himself a courteous, kindly gentleman. I esteemed him highly and valued his neighbourly visits when he crossed over to my gallery in order to keep himself familiar with the achievements of American artists. I sincerely hope that his sons who succeed him will successfully follow his lead and example.

Mr. Paul Dougherty returned not long ago from another summer of work on the Cornish coast. He has been busy putting the finishing touches to his new pictures and soon the public will have an opportunity to judge of the advance made over the past very successful years.

While Mr. Downes, the distinguished art critic for the Boston Transcript, has written a most interesting book on the late Winslow Homer, it is by no means a complete estimate of the artist's genius and high place in modern art. It enters the field of publications too soon after the death of the artist to enable the writer to work from a proper perspective.

If Mr. Downes had delayed his task for some years, he could have left an invaluable record

and estimate of a great figure in the art world. Personally I am very glad that the writer did not withhold for posterity the wealth of information that is most welcome to-day.

The reproductions in this ample volume are very numerous and well illustrate the artist's work from boyish drawings to the mature work of late years.

Mr. Downes names the year 1863 as the first in which Mr. Homer was an exhibitor in the National Academy of Design. A glance at the names in the catalogue of that year's exhibit, shows that very few are yet alive of the men then represented. Inness, who had been exhibiting with fair regularity from 1844, had one picture in the 1863 exhibition, and La Farge showed no less than seven. The exhibition rooms were then at 625 Broadway.

After an absence of about two years, Mr. Wm. H. Howe has returned from abroad, looking hale and hearty, in spite of a serious illness last year. The coming exhibitions of the season will offer an opportunity to see some canvases painted in his old-time haunts in France and Holland.

I own a very fine example of Winslow Homer's 1870 period. It is an Adirondack subject and splendidly represents the artist's best achievement at that time.

Cataloguers of large exhibitions make a great mistake in arranging their lists in the alphabetical order of the artists' names. As the plan cannot be followed in hanging the pictures, the endless turning of pages to find each item as one goes the rounds of a gallery, is an irritating nuisance. Artists with their biographical notices might very properly be arranged in alphabetical order in the front pages of a catalogue, but the list of pictures should by all means follow the numerical order of each gallery.

Damage suits brought by victims of the forger's art do not always meet with immediate success, but they have a good effect, nevertheless. They make forgers more cautious and sometimes drive them into obscurity. In the last year or two there has been a notable diminution in the number of false pictures of a certain brand, formerly of frequent occurrence, bearing the names of the best-known trio of deceased landscape painters. Other brands have appeared, but they show such feeble attempts at imitation that no one fairly familiar with pictures need be deceived.

Early American portraits are in demand, and they will do well who give attention to them now. They will be more and more difficult to secure as the years go by.

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MACBETH GALLERY

450 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

ART NOTES

Published in the Interest of American Art and the

MACBETH GALLERY

450 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

March, 1912

No. 45

ART NOTES is written with such irregularity that it does not pretend to give timely information in regard to special exhibitions. Its readers can always know what is being shown by having their addresses on our mailing list, which insures the receipt of all catalogues and notices.

Kind fortune has favored me this season by enabling me to secure an unusual number of worthy examples of the work of the group of artists who are held in ever-increasing estimation.

I have had opportunities to purchase splendid canvases by Martin, Wyant and Homer, several of them being re-purchases of pictures sold by me years ago. The greatly enhanced value of these pictures spurs me to use my very best judgment and long experience in picking out the men of today who give promise of future eminence. I shall doubtless make some mistakes, but I feel sure that I have on my list a few names that will live in their work through future years.

The opening, on January seventeenth, of the beautiful new museum in Toledo, was an event of real importance in the art world.

Its effect will be felt far beyond local limits, not only in its relation to contemporary artists, but as a strong stimulus to like action in other cities.

It is the most notable of the many efforts made in recent years, in many parts of the country, to erect a building for the proper housing of varied art objects. People everywhere are becoming more and more eager for opportunities to study art in its many forms, and the demand is being fairly met in several cities. Not many of them, however, have been as fortunate as Toledo in having a Mr. Libbey to give largely of time and means for the erection of a museum building.

The exhibition of pictures assembled to mark the opening of the Toledo Museum was of extraordinary merit. Paintings, ancient and modern, representing many schools, fitted into the various galleries in splendid harmony. One gallery was devoted entirely to a representative exhibition of the life work of Josef Israels, whom Toledo holds in special favor. The American showing was very strong, and suffered not at all in the comparison with work by masters of other days and countries.

The collection was admirably classified and hung,—a consummation so difficult that few

reach it with even fair success. Toledo, in this splendid enterprise, is worthy of highest praise and congratulation.

There has been so much said and written here on the subject of the late exhibition of American pictures in Rome,—much of the criticism not very directly bearing on the real merits of the pictures shown,—that it is of special interest to note the views of Italian writers who know nothing of home squabbling. *THE OUTLOOK* recently published extracts from Roman papers which probably reflect fairly well foreign sentiment towards American art as seen at last year's exhibition. *LA VITA* characterises our art as "sane" and "solid", and continues: "All along the walls we see many landscapes, which appear to have been studied with a quiet eye and reproduced with equilibrium of color. Even certain works reproducing impressions taken in very sentimental hours of the day or seasons of the year, when nature assumes the peculiar aspect of an indefinable home-sickness, are rendered by the American artists with a manly and noble exuberance. The American artists who figure in this exhibition are not nervous, exalted, or sick people, but individuals who know the hidden harmonies of certain meadows simply by the fact that they have walked through them. American painters use both brush and oar."

Another leading paper, the *GIORNALE* said, "There is a large feeling of domestic affection, of loyalty, of personal esteem, and of any other moral quality needed to express the power of the race itself. . . . This basis of Anglo-Saxon art has perhaps given a sense of uniformity to the school, but it has also given to it a unity of intention, of aspiration, and of good sense which is the essence of the race itself. . . . You have the feeling of respect imposed by respectable persons. It is an honest people producing honest art. It is a strong people producing a calm art. It is a people seeing its aim and knowing how to reach it. . . . It is the triumph of good government, with all its material and moral benefits."

It was gratifying to find at a recent sale of pictures by various owners, that American pictures of undoubted authenticity were the most eagerly sought for by bidders. The works of foreign artists, both ancient and modern, were in small demand, while the works of some living artists, notably those by J. Francis Murphy, brought much more than the prices at which they had been originally purchased.

I had the good fortune to secure three of the five pictures by Wyant that were offered,—each one an excellent example, though not of commanding importance. The sale emphasised anew the fact that well selected pictures by American artists are a very good investment.

This issue of ART NOTES will probably not be out of the printer's hands before the close of an exhibition of pictures by Mr. Davies, which will be held in two of the galleries here from March eighteenth to thirtieth. It is now more than three years since his last exhibition, and his friends have been very impatient to know what he has been doing. I have seen enough of the new pictures to be assured that he will immeasurably strengthen the firm hold he has already made on the esteem of the many who have long recognized his unique and high position in the modern art world.

In future the visitors to my galleries will find greatly enlarged facilities for the exhibition of pictures and bronzes. By securing an additional floor, already fitted for use, I have doubled the space occupied for the past six years in this building. This gives an opportunity for the constant showing of my best pictures, in addition to any current special exhibitions. A prominent feature will be the presenting of the work of our best sculptors in a room specially designed for the purpose. Visitors will be cordially welcomed whether they come simply to enjoy the pictures, as students, or as purchasers.

Arrangements have been made for the continuance of exhibitions until the warm days are with us.

I write in the middle of a very active season, one in which good exhibitions abound all along "Picture Lane." I believe the general experience is that the art in which I am chiefly concerned,—Native Art,—is receiving constantly increasing attention. Anyhow such is the experience in my galleries where the special exhibitions have drawn a remarkable number of visitors. Purchases, too, are more frequent than in former years, and the season is likely to be a record one viewed from the business side. The success of an exhibition, of course, cannot be measured by sales made during its continuance. Exhibitions frequently give the public a first acquaintance with an artist's work and both gallery and studio reap future advantage.

I have managed to alternate group and one-man exhibitions, and before the season ends will have shown the best performances of a good many artists. The two foreign-American artists who have joined the list of exhibitors this season have added a new and very welcome note. Messrs. Frieske and Miller, both western men, spend most of their time in France, where they have received very generous official recognition. They have gained a firm foothold here, too, and have doubtless a future of assured success.

I have recently had the good fortune to secure a few very excellent examples of the work

of Theodore Robinson, a very gifted artist whose pictures were a long way ahead of his time. As long ago as 1895, I gave a large exhibition of his very best canvases. From the view-point of that time, they were quite too wildly impressionistic to gain serious attention from collectors. As the group I now own appears in the light of today, the pictures are altogether conservative. When Robinson died in 1896, the school of light and air numbered few members, and he and Twachtman were sadly neglected pioneers.

The present Pennsylvania Academy exhibition is one of the best seen there in recent years. The show is too large for high average quality, but among its 568 canvases a goodly number of decided merit are included. The sculpture exhibits number 182, and, in all, 440 artists are represented. The exhibition will continue until March 24th, and is decidedly worthy of a visit from New Yorkers.

In reviewing a recent exhibition of the work of a deceased artist, "an esteemed contemporary," building better than it knew, probably, remarked that several of the pictures were undoubtedly genuine!

It would be a pretty difficult task to get together a whole flock of black sheep. Some white ones would be pretty sure to get in.



F. C. FRIESEKE

YOUTH

The good folk who are running the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington are bracing themselves once more for a bi-annual exhibition. They seem quite determined to make it the best of the series already given, and, judging from the way in which they are keeping tab on the cream of current work, they are likely to accomplish their purpose. To a knowledge of the whereabouts of good pictures, the only thing needed in order to secure them is enough courage to ask for them. In the case of our Washington friends this will not be lacking. Courage will of course be needed only in the cases of private ownership. Artists ought to be very glad to contribute of the best still in their possession, and doubtless will co-operate with the management in a sincere endeavor to make the exhibition one of real distinction. Dates will be announced in due time.

Strange it is, but true, that it should be necessary occasionally to publish the information that the pictures exhibited here from time to time are for sale. We rejoice every day to see the large number of visitors in the galleries, but it is hard to understand why we should be so frequently asked if the pictures are for sale. Regardless of the motives that draw visitors, they are all most cordially welcome, but to those who are desirous of acquiring pictures we wish

to say, with emphasis, and with proper apology for our mercenary position, that the exhibited pictures are for sale and that we are always ready to give prices. For the benefit of some shoppers it seems to be also necessary to mention that the prices quoted are reasonable and proper, and the only prices at which the pictures can be obtained. There is no high and mighty position assumed in this attitude, but one of simple honesty and fairness to every buyer.

I have listened to many expressions of regret over the inability of New York to exhibit the collection of French pictures secured through the enterprise of Miss Sage for showing in the Albright Gallery, Buffalo.

It has since been shown in Chicago, where I had the privilege and pleasure of seeing it, in the St. Louis City Art Museum, and is now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The choice of the canvases not previously shown in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, will, I understand, be included in the coming annual International exhibition. The collection is a very important one, representing well the best tendencies of modern French art, and an opportunity to study it is of high educational value. The question of whether the art represented is or is not better than what is being done here, is of no importance, but it is always of great advan-

tage to study the best work in any field produced in various countries. It is unlikely that a collection so representative of the French school at its best, can be brought together again in the near future, so it is greatly to be regretted that New York is not to have an opportunity to see it. I presume there are enough interested persons in art circles here to direct and finance such a project, but there does not seem to be a single available gallery in which the exhibition could be made. In view of this it is no wonder that Mr. Alexander and his associates are working so earnestly to remove this reproach from our city.

Ours is certainly a city of very wide hospitality, and this virtue is probably abused in every direction. In the indulgence it has shown in entertaining some of the exhibitions of the present season, the limit has surely been reached in that direction. Doors have been opened to some shows not only utterly unworthy of any attention, but such as deserved to be either laughed at, or kicked out of town. Things childish and things monstrous will always have applause from the ignorant and insincere. It is quite time, however, for those who know better to speak their minds plainly.

The greatest masterpieces are those where one finds no superfluous inexpressive forms, lines or colors, but absolutely *everything* touching the mind and soul.

— Rodin

"The worst pictures are by the best men, or at least by the best known men; while the best pictures are by men who have not yet made enough reputation to be known to the big art world."

This remark, made by a visitor to a recent out-of-town exhibition, was used as a text for a splendid review of the pictures shown. The writer gave much needed, wholesome advice to exhibitors, many of whom show a tendency to undervalue the intelligence of the public whose support they need. It would be better for an artist to send nothing to an exhibition than to be represented by an inferior example of his work. In order to maintain a good record, the best of men must present their best pictures. Even the doing of this will not keep some of our so-called big men in the front rank. The younger ones are pressing them close and a few have already outstripped their elders. The time is past for gaining respect and consideration by charging high prices. High quality must be added and the pictures that have this distinction will win without big catalogue values.

The picture loving public has learned a whole lot in the last few years in regard to both artistic and financial valuation of pictures.

A painter is wrong to abandon the country in which he was born and passed his youth. —*Alfred Stevens.*

Near-Whistlers are evidently having their day now and danger signals are being hoisted for the protection of ignorant buyers.

I have just seen a letter addressed to a London paper, by an artist named Ludovici, giving the information that certain pictures from which his signature had been erased were being offered as genuine examples of the work of Whistler. This is the not infrequent experience of artists who are content to echo what others have done rather than to make an effort to develop an individual style of their own.

I do not know it for sure, but *on dit* this is a bad season for the artists who affect high prices.

Long life to Mr. Wm. M. Chase. He stands as a perennial rebuke to the many picture buyers who invest in names only. His collection of pictures recently dispersed at auction showed that he cared, first and last, for artistic quality, and for names not at all.

Mr. Kenneth Miller has, in recently finished work, more than fulfilled all my predictions. After a few years of growth, the few canvases that have now reached completion are of rare quality. They will be accepted with unreserved satisfaction.

Exhibitions having origin here frequently travel widely before being dispersed. Pictures by Mr. Friezeke, shown here a few weeks ago, went next to the Worcester Museum and are now being shown in the Copley Gallery, Boston. My December exhibition of bronzes is still en-route with several bookings ahead. A good start is usually followed by a successful trip.

CRITICISM AS SHE IS WRITTEN (sometimes).

"The *Small Bronzes* by American sculptors at the Macbeth Galleries are no more like American products than a pumpkin is like a succulent bivalve. If our sculptors bewail the lack of patronage that art buyers accord them, they have only their antique attitudes and classical themes to thank for the neglect. What do the Macbeth Galleries offer us? 1. Bacchi and Bacchantes, nymphs, nereids and graces, satyrs and fauns in vegetable profusion; 2. etherealized Indian hunters and Minnehahas; 3. Melisandes and Pelleases and other mystical whispering spirits; 4. lions, leopards and panthers alternating with pigs, children and idiots; 5, lovers melted in sexlessembraces—fastidious pieties in the nude. Two sane attempts at rendering the human life of our time are made by Miss Eberle. Her *Hide and Seek*, a boy and girl placed back to back against book-holders, is a pleasing, dainty and graceful production. Otherwise, the exhibition, which includes several talked-about names, is

sterile beyond belief." *The International Magazine*

Pictures by Mr. Halpert recently shown in the Murray Hill Gallery, brought to notice the work of one more young man largely possessed with both courage and talent. He is very, very modern, but not in the least eccentric and in his chosen path never forgets that art and beauty go hand in hand. Not every one can see nature as Mr. Halpert sees it but no one can deny that he is thoroughly sincere. It will be interesting to note how soon collectors will have courage to accept these real works of art by one whose name is new in art history.

The Copley Society of Boston scored a big success in its recent exhibition of Spanish pictures. Goya was brilliantly represented, notably in the wonderful portrait owned by Mr. Frick. The modern school had a trying position in company with its forefathers, and under the circumstances did not make a good showing. It is a long step from Velasquez and Goya to Sorollo and Zuloaga.

Next to the Spanish pictures the best remembered of the exhibitions seen on a recent visit to Boston is the one of portraits and flowers by Mr. Wilton Lockwood. Beauty, distinction and good taste were found in every canvas. If the rumor that Mr. Lockwood contemplates establishing himself in New York is founded on fact he deserves a most hearty welcome.

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November, 1912

No. 46

Although the MACBETH GALLERY recently entered on the twenty-first year of its existence, its proprietor is not vain enough to think that its fame is very widespread. He does think, however, that its persistent attitude towards American Art through a score of years entitles him to claim wider recognition for his work. Consequently this issue of ART NOTES will be sent to a long list of new addresses of those who ought to be interested in American Art. To as many of them as may care to know what exhibitions are being held here each season, catalogues will gladly be sent on application. The exhibition season begins with November and continues until the arrival of the warm days. Each fortnight sees a new exhibition either of the work of a single man or of pictures by a group of artists.

To the new readers of ART NOTES the above may be viewed simply as an advertisement for gaining new business. It is this, of course, but it also aims at much more than personal gain.

In this connection, it may not be amiss to quote from personal experience. Twenty years ago there was not a single picture dealer in the country giving the least serious attention to native artists. The years of special exhibitions in my gallery have been acknowledged as a strong factor in leading to a very different condition. There are now several business houses giving much attention to the work of American artists and there is probably not a single art house in the country that does not at least pretend to be interested and in some fashion attempt to meet a demand that is growing more persistent each year.

The measure of success that has come to me has been gratifying, but has been small compared to the benefit that has accrued to exhibitors, most of whom had no other means by which to make the public familiar with their work. So in seeking for wider publicity it is for the good of the whole art fraternity and also, and not least, in the belief that a decided benefit is conferred on every person brought to consider art seriously.

Catalogues of exhibitions, as well as future issues of ART NOTES, may be had for the asking.

One of the most difficult duties confronted here is to tell would-be artists that they are wasting time in attempting to paint at all. It is not often that courage is equal to the task, but we

bear in mind that candor in most cases is a kindness.

We do not often make friends by speaking plainly to those who are on the wrong track, but gratitude is sometimes expressed.

A note recently received from a much disappointed painter who had submitted a few canvases for inspection was much appreciated. In it he said: "I am very glad you were frank in your criticism. I feared you might not be; most people are afraid of hurting one's feelings; they would rather hurt one's future." This was in strong contrast to the action of a woman painter who, on the same day, took away her rejected package in high dudgeon. Her case, at least as far as her work was concerned, was typical of many others. The canvases had merit, but were not nearly up to the average quality of pictures seen in ordinary exhibitions. The painters of these near-good canvases constantly ask what they are to do if no one will exhibit their work. No polite reply is possible to such inquiries.

Instead of asking vain questions and upbraiding overburdened galleries, a goodly number of artists—the younger element mostly—are solving for themselves in manly fashion the question of how to submit their pictures for public approval. Reaching into their own pockets, frequent groups combine to pay all expenses attending a two-weeks' show in the gallery of the MacDowell Club, 108 West Fifty-fifth Street.

Here such group exhibitions may be seen every day, except on Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to six.

There may not be many canvases of high merit discovered, but every artist participating presents for approval his best efforts in a dignified, self-respecting manner. They deserve consideration.

Some of the new museums in the country, and the number is rapidly increasing, are in danger of gaining possession of pictures that in a few years will prove to be very undesirable. No picture should be added to a permanent collection either by gift or purchase, that is not the very best of its kind and of a kind worth preserving. The trouble seems to lie in the absence of a definite buying policy, and thus a home is given to neighbor's heirlooms and purchases made from too persuasive salesmen who have no interests beyond making sales.

For a museum opening to-day, and with limited funds, no better plan could be adopted than to make a chronological collection of American pictures. A beginning should be made with the fine portraits by our early painters. These, as well as the works of later men, are still obtainable and at moderate prices. The men of the Hudson River School, usually slightly referred to, should not be omitted. They were honest painters doing splendidly what they aimed to accomplish, rendering nature as they saw it and laying a foundation for more imaginative

artists to build on later. These pioneers cannot be ignored by the art historian and should not be neglected by the museums. Contemporary work should be added very deliberately. Names somehow get into temporary prominence, and it is quite unsafe to rely on them. Quality of individual pictures should alone be considered,—time will take care of names whether prominent to-day or not.

A museum following exclusively the plan of collecting American pictures has before it the possibility of real accomplishment.

The public has not heard much recently of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors formed last season, with Arthur B. Davies as president and Walt Kuhn, secretary. Its members have not been idle, however, and before this season ends there will be ample opportunity to judge of the result of their activity. Plans are being perfected for the Association's first exhibition, which will probably be the most comprehensive one ever made here. It will be an international showing with no limit named as to medium of expression. The Armory of the Sixty-ninth Infantry has been secured for the exhibition, so that abundant light and space are assured. The arrangement of floor space is admirable, and provides for a series of galleries and courts where exhibits may be seen in harmonious arrangement. The exhibition plans give promise of an event of real importance in the art world.

One of the notable exhibitions of the present season in these galleries will be the result of two years of hard work in marble and bronze by Mr. Chester Beach. These years were spent in Rome, and never was artist more justified in escaping from distracting New York for a period. Mr. Beach would never have been allowed here the absolute freedom for thought and work that was needed for the carrying out of his ambitious schemes. The exhibition will occupy both of our fourth floor galleries and will be held during the early part of December. It will include over a dozen works in marble and probably sixteen bronzes. We are both happy and proud to have the opportunity to present this new work by Mr. Beach and ask for it the very serious consideration it deserves.

Some of the brethren in the art field seem to be unduly excited over the reported project to establish in this city a museum of French art. If people of means choose to amuse themselves in that way, no harm can be done to others. Presumably none of those interested is now doing anything to encourage American art, and if the museum becomes a fact, it may, in spite of its founders, help our artists very decidedly. Every opportunity that has been given here in recent years to compare work of contemporary schools of art has emphasized the superiority of our own. None need fear comparison with the

average modern French artists except the fellows who are their inferiors; and as nothing under the sun could help or hurt them, I see no reason to get excited over the schemes of our French-loving friends.

A valuable contribution to art literature and criticism has appeared in the volume on Homer Martin, written by Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., and published by Mr. F. F. Sherman. With graceful recognition of Mrs. Martin's Reminiscences, which I published some eight years ago, Mr. Mather adds to it much information that makes possible a clearer understanding of the man and artist. His best known pictures are critically and fairly discussed by the writer, who seems thoroughly to understand them from the point of view of the artist himself. Thirteen illustrations, reproducing early and late paintings, admirably illustrate the range of Martin's work and, in the light of what Mr. Mather has written, enable the reader to realize the commanding position to which a once much neglected artist has arisen.

A new name gladly added to the list of exhibitors in this gallery is that of Mr. Max Bohm. This artist, hailing from Cleveland, chooses to spend most of his working days abroad, but comes home often enough to keep in touch with doings here. Two of the very strong pictures in the last Pennsylvania Academy exhibition were

"A Portrait" and "Sea Babies," by Mr. Bohm. The latter was recently shown here, and new canvases are expected to arrive shortly.

The lure of New York City street subjects has lately been strong enough to turn Mr. Edmund Greacen's attention from landscape painting for a period. There is now on exhibition in this gallery a view of the Public Library and another taken from Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue. They are admirable performances, in no sense illustrations, but giving the spirit of the city's busy thoroughfares and fine architecture. These canvases mark a decided advance in the work of this earnest artist.

A new and rapidly growing magazine devoted to art and kindred subjects is worthy of passing mention and a word of recommendation. *Arts and Decoration*, with its publication office in this city, though only in its third year, is rapidly assuming an enviable position among art publications. The enthusiastic managers and editors have shown much discriminating ability in their selection of writers of special articles, and their progressive and active policy has won for them many friends. Mr. Guy Pène duBois, recently associated with one of the metropolitan daily papers and an able critic, has been chosen to review local art matters.

Following last year's plan, Mr. Hawthorne has gone for a winter of quiet work in Paris. It is fortunate that he has had such full recognition at home, for, otherwise, he might be tempted to remain too long abroad. He was splendidly received when abroad last season, and on the strength of his offering in the Salon was elected an associate.

The two pictures that represented him there have been invited to the coming Corcoran Gallery exhibition.

While on my summer wanderings, I visited Mr. Hawthorne in his happy Provincetown home and had an early look at the pictures which will be exhibited here next January. In choosing models for his fisher folk he has no difficulty in finding the genuine article on Cape Cod. I had the privilege of seeing him paint from an old salt on a canvas that has turned out to be, in my opinion, his best effort in its direction. The old captain had never served as a model before, and it was a genuine treat to see the performance. He was so interested in it that he had to get up frequently to see himself grow on the canvas, and the wonder of it was quite beyond his apprehension. I am sure I shall never see this picture of the old captain and his helpers, with the heaped-up, wallowing fish, without recalling his dramatic story of the loss of his ship on the Gold Coast and the succeeding desperate plight of himself and crew.

Practical steps have been taken to enable the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, to add each year to its already fine collection of American pictures. Miss Sage, the very efficient and energetic director, has so convinced a number of her fellow-citizens of the sweet reasonableness of her co-operative plan to raise funds for purchases, that over three hundred of them had, at last report, consented to pay a fixed annual sum for this purpose. If the several hundred other citizens who ought to add their names to this list expect to escape their duty, they simply do not know Miss Sage. I have sometimes been compelled to refuse to lend to her certain pictures for the Albright Gallery exhibitions, but she has always secured them before opening day!

Scandinavian art is to have a good showing in this country during the coming season. In addition to the collection to be imported by the American-Scandinavian Society of New York, there will be another large group shown in the Worcester Museum of pictures owned in this country. This latter group will include at least ten representative works by Thaulow and several by Zorn. The Worcester people have a way of securing whatever they desire, and their success in this instance will be no surprise to those who know them. The imported collection is to be first shown in the American Art Galleries, Madison Square.

We are eagerly waiting for the volume of the *American Art Annual* that is to give a directory of American artists. It should appear during this month and should be on the desk of every editor and within reach of everyone interested in art everywhere. It always gives much valuable information, in addition to giving addresses and special information about individual artists.

Through individual and group exhibitions, I was able to show during the past season the work of seventy-eight artists. In addition to those represented in special catalogued exhibitions, at least as many more had their pictures shown informally. About forty sculptors were also on the list of exhibitors.

As a majority of these artists were afterwards requested to repeat their exhibitions in various cities, the gallery work was rather far-reaching. I hope to do at least as much this year, and yet I shall be quite unable to show half the number of pictures I would gladly exhibit if time and space would permit. Those artists whose worthy pictures I am forced to turn away find it difficult to realize that either time or space in these galleries has any limit.

I am not yet ready to announce the names of all the artists who will exhibit here this season, but the following will be among the number: F. Ballard Williams, Chester Beach, Chas. W. Hawthorne, F. C. Frieske, Gardner Symons,

Paul Dougherty, Chauncey F. Ryder, W. B. Closson, Lawrence Mazzanovitch and, possibly, Arthur B. Davies with a group of drawings. In addition to these there will be a larger number of artists represented in group exhibitions.

Among the deceased artists of note now represented here are: Hunt, Fuller, Inness, Wyant, Martin, Blakelock, Whistler and La Farge.

A project was on foot last season to collect pictures by George Fuller for a loan exhibition. This distinguished artist's pictures are so rarely offered for sale that such an exhibition would be most welcome in affording an opportunity to renew acquaintance with his work. I possess five examples.

One has to be widely alert these days to keep track of all the news in which he is interested. Had it not been for a kind London correspondent I might never have known that I gave exhibitions of "Post Impressionist" pictures last season!

The Detroit Museum is making a special effort to secure funds for the purchase of American pictures. A very commendable object and one that should be crowned with success. If Director Griffith could induce the "rolling in wealth" automobile manufacturers of his city to donate a dollar for every machine sold, a collection of American pictures would be at once assured.

News of decided interest in the art world has recently been published to the effect that Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington, a member of the firm of Frederick Keppel & Co., has been selected as Curator of its Department of Prints by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He is also to hold a position of honor and great opportunity in Harvard University. For the lectures there and his work in the Boston Museum, Mr. Carrington is splendidly equipped, and these institutions deserve to be congratulated on securing his services. The new organization is expected to develop a national society of print collectors. Much influence in this direction has already been exerted by the *Print Collector's Quarterly*, edited by Mr. Carrington and hitherto published by Messrs. Keppel & Co.

ART NOTES is so regularly irregular that it serves very poorly as a guide to current exhibitions in this gallery. However, as it does not pretend to be useful in this direction, it has no apology to make. Those who care to know what is on exhibition from time to time may do so by sending their addresses for our invitation mailing list.

The daily papers give ever-increasing space to the doings in the art world, and enable readers to keep track of all city exhibitions. In addition, the AMERICAN ART NEWS, published weekly, gives news of all exhibitions and sales, with a wealth of art news relating to events both at

home and abroad. Most of the museums publish monthly bulletins, which I assume are to be had on request; so, on the whole, there is no excuse nowadays for ignorance in regard to current art events.

At the last annual meeting of the Fine Arts Federation in Washington, the Committee on Painting reported on the success of the travelling exhibitions, and in connection with them made the following recommendations which I heartily endorse:

If painters contributing to these exhibitions could be persuaded not to place higher prices on their pictures than they are, in the end, willing to accept, it would materially lessen the impression now existing among buyers that they must do lengthy bickering whenever they wish to purchase a painting at a fair price. This is particularly important, as the fostering and encouragement of small buyers and the increasing of their numbers is particularly desirable and will materially help the young art of the country. It is just this class of small collectors, and not the big ones to whom price is of no importance, that has strengthened and upheld French art in the past. Many of the famous French collections were assembled by men of limited income who could not afford to patronize painters of established reputation, but who loved and appreciated pictures sufficiently to pay what they could afford for the work of new men whose talent seemed to them worthy of encouragement.

A friend writing from Paris makes somewhat caustic remarks on the pictures being shown in the Autumn Salon.

He thinks the limit in degradation of art has been reached and that the end is near. He adds

that "strong representations are being made to the French Government that it should not lend its galleries in future to a set of charlatans and impostors." On the whole, I gathered from my friend's letter that he did not enjoy the show.

"It is highly desirable, from a popular point of view, that art museums be divested of their traditional character of mere cold storage places for pictures and art objects, and should be given if possible a warm, living, human-hearted character which shall convey to both the critic and the ordinary visitor impressions of comfort and enjoyment."—*Bulletin of The Art Institute, Chicago.*

A goodly number of paintings have already been selected for the coming exhibition in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington. Nothing is being left undone by the management to make the exhibition of American pictures one of the best ever shown anywhere. The exhibition dates are December 17th to January 26th.

Melbourne has a National Gallery that may be held up to all public museums as a shining example of slow-going caution. For some seven years it has been receiving an annual income of \$35,000, and so far has spent a total of less than \$30,000. I know a good many artists who could suggest ways for spending the accumulated surplus. What a pity carfare to Australia is so high!

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ART NOTES

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450 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

January, 1913

No. 47

I am quite convinced that the year just closed was the most successful in the history of American art. Great pictures were not numerous in the big exhibitions, but averages were high and an unusual number of choice canvases passed to permanent homes from studios and dealers' rooms that were not seen in exhibitions at all. Of course many good artists were not given a fair share of attention on the part of picture buyers, but I know of a goodly number who closed the year with good, fat bank accounts. There is every reason to expect that nineteen-thirteen, will, like nineteen-twelve, break previous records. Friends of home art are multiplying rapidly because, their attention having been persistently called to it of late years, they have seen that it is good and desirable; good to invest in for both pleasure and profit.

It is foolish to expect that a time will come when foreign contemporary pictures will no longer be purchased in this country. They will only be neglected in as far as they are

found to be inferior to the products of the American studio.

The gathering of statistics seems to be one of the inevitable tasks of the first days of the new year. My office has been in line, and one of the most encouraging items of information extracted from last year's accounts shows an unsuspected number of new purchasers of American pictures. Half-a-dozen years ago hardly one of them would have given our pictures any serious attention; but light is breaking in many unsuspected directions, and no worthy exhibition lacks support. There must come a time when the few older collectors who have done so much for native art will have filled every available space, and, of necessity, drop out as active patrons. To them it must be peculiarly gratifying to see so many ready and willing to emulate their example.

It might be in order to remind the older collectors who are overburdened with pictures that, as Messrs. Evans and Hearn found out long ago, our public galleries are quite willing to accept pictures that are of sufficient merit fully to represent present day effort.

One of the annual exhibitions always worth seeing is now open in the gallery of THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB, in Gramercy Park. It is confined to the work of artist members exclusively.

The cable recently brought bad news to the effect that the Paris studio which was occupied by several American artists, including Friezeke, Hawthorne and Oscar Miller, had been badly damaged by fire. Mail advices have just conveyed the information that Hawthorne suffered no loss except through much temporary inconvenience, that Friezeke's pictures had, just previous to the fire, been sent to me for a coming exhibition, but that Mr. Miller lost all his belongings. Oscar Miller must not be confused with Richard E. Miller, also in Paris now, who held a special exhibition in my galleries last winter.

The fourth bi-annual exhibition of paintings by American artists closed a few days ago in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington. It was a most dignified showing of contemporary work by a majority of our own best artists, and also included canvases by several young men who had rarely been represented in public exhibitions before.

A few prominent names were missing from the catalogue, names of men who, I understand, are withholding their pictures from the public shows as a protest against something or other in connection with juries and hanging committees. Interest in the exhibition on the part of the numerous visitors and a goodly number of purchases, seemed to be thoroughly maintained in spite of the absence of pictures by these pro-

testing brethren. Methinks they protest too much and that they are in danger of remaining quite unknown to the new army of picture lovers who are showing an increasing fondness for the work of the younger generation.

There was no large number of masterpieces in the Corcoran exhibition,—there never can be even in a bi-annual gathering,—but the average was very high and the excellent arranging and spacing of the pictures showed all to the best advantage. The exhibition was most encouraging for the younger painters, but a few of the older ones will have gone there in vain if they failed to comprehend the lesson that awaited them. A small number of canvases by artists of well earned prominence were the very worst in the whole show. Only eternal vigilance will enable a man to maintain a reputation. The good he may have done is very likely to be forgotten in the presence of what can hardly be regarded as other than willful backsliding.

Indications are that more collections of American pictures will be dispersed in the auction rooms this season than in any previous year. This cannot but be helpful, if only in the matter of establishing monetary values. It will in any case widely advertise the fact that native art deserves serious consideration.

The marbles and bronzes by Mr. Chester Beach recently seen here in a special exhibition, met with a very cordial reception from the public.

Part of the exhibition is now being shown at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and the remainder may still be viewed in these galleries, where I am very glad to have an opportunity to give them a place.

Sculpture for the home, whether in marble or bronze, seen in single figures or in composition, will get more serious consideration in the future because of Mr. Beach's exhibition. He and others who are deserving will reap the benefit.

Preparations are going on apace for the big exhibition in the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory on Lexington Avenue, which is to be opened on February fifteenth. It is reported that the efforts of the officers of the new Association of American Painters and Sculptors to secure choice pictures of every school, have met with remarkable success both at home and abroad.

Collectors and artists have been most generous, so that we are likely to have the very finest art exhibition ever shown in this country. It was a splendid and courageous resolve to give every modern movement an opportunity to present its case to our people. If some have only foolishness to exploit, now is the time for it to be shown,—and ended; others, mostly unfamiliar to us, except through more or less pre-

judiced hearsay, may have something vital to put before us. If so, we should welcome and encourage them. I most heartily welcome the whole project, and am convinced that when the big show is all over, American art will have been justified and established on a firmer basis than ever before.

We are pretty well accustomed to the ungenerous attitude of many artists toward their brethren of the brush. They never rejoice at the success of others or call attention to it except to assert that it was undeserved.

I have heard much of this dog-in-the-manager criticism lately, and if the men who indulge in it could only know how many are alienated by it who might otherwise give attention to their own work, they would be likely to keep their jealous little tongues quiet. The public know too much now-a-days to be influenced against their own judgment by these fault finders,—not one of whom ever gets a step higher by attempts to pull down or hinder those who are more successful. In these live modern days the door of success is no longer opened by “knocking.” “Push” will be found inscribed on its front.

As I write, I learn with great regret of the death of Mr. Louis Katz, proprietor of the Katz Gallery on West Seventy-fourth Street. For several years Mr. Katz bore an important share in the work of making known pictures by

American artists. His exhibitions were frequent and added greatly to the too few opportunities offered to our artists for reaching the public. I hope the work will continue to be carried on by the successors of Mr. Katz with the same diligence and intelligence that he showed.

Once more, in its exhibition just closed, the Philadelphia Art Club showed how a thoroughly good exhibition can be made. Less than two score pictures, each personally invited, were hung, with ample space between, in a room that formerly was forced to house about a hundred and fifty.

The result was most admirable and it was not surprising that a goodly number of New Yorkers journeyed to Philadelphia to see it. The fact is worth mentioning that the exhibition was wholly the result of the efforts of laymen.

It is evident that this is to be a season of unusually important auction sales.

The first in the field, and eagerly looked forward to, will be that of Mr. Emerson McMillin's collection. As it will occur while these lines are in the printer's hands it is too late to call attention to any of its items. I predict that there will be a new high record in prices for some American pictures, notably those by Wyant and Inness; both will be represented by noble examples.

Next in order will be the Henry T. Chapman collection. It is rich in pictures by the old

masters and the men of the Barbizon School. There are few American pictures outside a group by Mr. Arthur B. Davies, and for these there will be keen competition. Mr. Chapman was one of the first to recognize the big quality in Mr. Davies' work and was its loyal champion to the end.

The abominably bad hanging and overcrowding of the recent Winter exhibition at the Academy were mainly to blame for the bad reputation attached to it from the opening day. I had heard so much in condemnation of it that I was really surprised to find, on visiting the exhibition, a goodly number of very excellent canvases. There were not two hundred good pictures shown, but even if that number had been selected from the general mess, there would have been a very good average of quality seen and a little prestige gained. Steps should be taken to prevent the recurrence of such a horrid muddle.

The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences has chosen a new curator of paintings in the person of Mr. W. H. Fox.

Mr. Fox has had a good deal of varied experience in the art world and will undoubtedly make good in his new sphere.

The Institute needs a capable curator and offers to him a large field of usefulness.

George Fuller is one of the older American artists whose reputation, like that of his contemporary William Morris Hunt, increases as the years go by in spite of changing fashions and new views. I wish it were possible to present an exhibition of his pictures that would adequately represent him. I am the happy possessor of half-a-dozen or more and would be glad to co-operate with any museum or public gallery that would honor itself and give a rare treat to the public by undertaking the task of borrowing and showing all the important canvases by this artist. Their location is well known, and owners would doubtless be willing to lend for such a purpose.

This issue of ART NOTES should be in the hands of its reader, in time to convey to them an invitation to visit an exhibition of new pictures by Mr. Paul Dougherty. This exhibition will open on January twenty-eighth and continue for two weeks.

To his splendid marines and coast scenes, better than any of his previous efforts, will be added a new feature in subjects found in Switzerland during the past summer. It required courage to attack the glacier region. It was worth while, however, for to Mr. Dougherty's brush it has yielded grandeur and beauty. I am sure the exhibition will be accorded a hearty welcome and meet with wide approval.

An event of more than passing interest is the opening of a new exhibition gallery in the city of Cleveland, where frequent groups of American pictures will be shown. It is the venture of Mr. George E. Gage, a man well and favorably known to art lovers of his city. He was formerly in charge of the art department of Wm. Taylor, Son and Company of the same city, a firm whose generosity and enterprise have done good work through many exhibitions in making a wide circle of Ohio people familiar with American pictures. The new gallery will supplement this work and, through attention to art interests, should do still more to make Cleveland the "Art Center" it should have grown to long ago.

I hope and believe that Mr. Gage will be abundantly repaid in his new position.

A REMINDER. I still have in stock several copies of the book written a few years ago by Mrs. E. G. Martin on the life and work of her distinguished husband, Homer D. Martin.

It is an illustrated volume of fifty-eight pages, five and a half by eight and a half inches in size. Price, one dollar and fifty cents, postage paid.

I am rapidly coming to the conclusion that the American Artist is in danger of becoming the Spoiled Child of his Country. I recognize, and have long preached, the fact that he is a necessity and acknowledge with emphasis that his art is a strong factor for aesthetic uplift and

noble enjoyment, and that for these reasons he deserves to have much done for him by a benefitted community. He gives much, and rightly receives much in return. Indeed he has become so accustomed to receiving much that there seems to be no limit to his expectations and demands. It can not be overlooked that there is a business side to art, and it is on this side that our artist friends are having their vision perverted, that they are becoming thoroughly spoiled. For the benefit of their business, big buildings are being erected all over the land and freely offered for the display and sale of their pictures. If this were done for the book publisher, the cabinet maker, and dozens of craftsmen in various directions, how they would chuckle! There would be unconfined joy and no demands for free freight both ways and a place on the line.

The big galleries, such as the Carnegie, Albright, St. Louis and Pennsylvania Academy, spend a great many thousands of dollars annually for the benefit of the public and of the artists. I believe the public is thoroughly appreciative of this but if any of the artists express gratitude to the various managements, I have never heard of it, though I am frequently told, in confidence, long and weary stories of fault-finding. Really, brethren, these things ought not to be. If you accept gifts and coddling let it be with a little show of gratitude, in spite of the undenied benefits you confer on exhibitions.

One of the finest pictures of the early American school now to be seen here is an Ariadne by John Vanderlyn.

It is a repetition, with some slight changes, of his first rendering of the subject, which is part of the Pennsylvania Academy collection. This canvas is in perfect condition and brilliant in color. It was from this that Asher B. Durand made his famous engraving,—probably the finest line engraving executed in this country.

The Ariadne would be a very valuable addition to any collection of American paintings. Vanderlyn was born in 1776 and died in 1852.

If any feeling of lonesomeness ever crept over this little publication, which began its far and near journeyings in the mail bags some sixteen years ago, it may well cheer up now for it has several friends to chat with as it travels, and their number seems to be on the increase.

Some dealers have borrowed its name, and others have slightly evaded it, but all publications have a proper mission in so far as they advocate the cause of sound art whether native or foreign.

As I write, pictures by Lawrence Mazzanovich are on exhibition here and are attracting deserved attention, in spite of the fact that he is a newcomer among New York exhibitors. He has had abundant success in Chicago, where he has made several exhibitions in the Thurber

Gallery. There is great delicacy and charm in Mr. Mazzanovich's landscapes. They possess real beauty and do not suggest any thought of medium or other disturbing element.

No reader of Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer's "The Dreamer," recently published, is left in doubt as to the author's thorough familiarity with artists' aspirations and methods of life.

As a lesson in the fact that art is not the whole of life, the story has much value. Mrs. Meyer knows the full importance of art, but in this little "Play in Three Acts," she drives home in an unmistakable way the fact that art is only one side of life and that he who lives for it alone is criminally selfish.

Before long I hope to be able to announce the date for an exhibition of recent pictures by Richard Miller.

This artist has such a large foreign clientele he finds it difficult to reserve the pictures on which he desires to make a record in his own country. The exhibition will therefore be somewhat small but certainly thoroughly representative of his best efforts.

Under the title of "Who's Who in Art" the longed-for new volume of the AMERICAN ART ANNUAL has at last been issued.

It gives addresses of nearly four thousand artists, biographical information, and mentions

of pictures in public collections.

The compilation must have entailed an enormous amount of work, and the editor, Miss Florence N. Levy, in accomplishing it, has earned the gratitude and hearty thanks of everyone who wishes to be informed about our painters, sculptors and illustrators.

The volume also includes a complete list of members of the National Academy of Design from its foundation in 1826.

There is now open in my lower gallery a most interesting exhibition of pictures by Mr. Guy Wiggins. It will continue until January twenty-seventh. This artist has made great strides since he made his first exhibit a very few years ago and I heartily commend his pictures to serious consideration. Some of his recent canvases show fine and quite individual treatment of picturesque spots in this city.

In spite of hard work in connection with the coming exhibition in the Sixty-ninth Armory, Mr. Davies has been able to finish a few canvases now being privately shown here. There will be no special exhibition of his paintings this season but, possibly, there may be one of a group of drawings.

The pictures by Mr. Frieseke that were fortunately sent from Paris before the fire occurred in his studio, have just now been received. The

average quality is much higher than that reached in the work of any former season. Greater refinement and beauty are in a majority of the canvases, and the problems of air and light have been very successfully met. I am sure the exhibition will be a thoroughly enjoyed one. It will be held about the middle of February.

The Woman's Art Club will hold its annual exhibition this year in my gallery; the opening date is fixed for February fifteenth. The announced plan is to make the exhibition smaller and therefore more choice than in former years.

I wish to call attention to my collection of early American portraits. There are good examples by Stuart, Copley, Harding, Sully, Elliot, Jarvis, Healey and others. With the growing demand for the work of these portrait painters, it will be more difficult in the future to secure it, and prices will surely be much higher.

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is preparing for its one hundred and eighth annual exhibition. As the Academy is now without a director, it will be interesting to note the influence that will dominate the coming show. At this distance, I have not heard of applications by aspirants who would like to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Mr. Trask, but for a thoroughly capable and independent individual, the field is an alluring one.

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ART NOTES

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No. 48

The story of the International Exhibition of Modern Art recently held in the 69th Regiment Armory has been so fully told in a host of publications, that there remains little further to be said beyond giving expression to personal opinions. This is being done with a vengeance and covers the whole field of criticism from the most fierce and rabid denunciation to fulsome praise.

It is difficult to understand why people who do not care for certain things, who, on the contrary, thoroughly dislike them, take the trouble to see them again and again, and to talk about them, in season and out of season.

If one had no experience with people of this class, one would expect them to shun the things disapproved of and give attention only to that on which they could put the stamp of their approval. The very contrary, however, is true in the world of art, and the best advertisers of

the exhibition in question were the disgruntled visitors.

To me, personally, the exhibition was positively the most stimulating of the very many it has been my fortune to see. On first entering, the arrangement and whole air of the place, regardless of any individual exhibits, were uplifting. The freshness and freedom of the whole show were a real delight. On examining the pictures through several visits, my pleasure was in no measure marred because I found a few score of them to be utterly absurd, and, from my point of view, to bear no relation to art, except, possibly, in some cases, as decorations of a certain disagreeable sort.

I had never seen a collection of such things before, and I was very grateful for the opportunity to study a movement of which I had read and heard so much. For the future, I feel that I can be quite happy if I do not see any of them again.

Outside the work of the extremists, I found pictures by a few new men that interested me greatly. Chief among these were the wonderful canvases by Redon. That this artist should be so much of a stranger here is not creditable to this city's dealers in foreign pictures.

In the American section, I found a few new progressives who were perfectly sane, and I was made glad once more to find that they were given an inning.

I found, as I expected, that many artists who

have conferred distinction on the school of American art were not represented, but they have had no lack of other opportunities to display their work.

The exhibition not only stirred and quickened the world of picture makers and picture lovers, but served to call the subject of art to thousands who, apparently, had given it no thought. If only for this result, the exhibition was abundantly justified. Through its influence there will be more picture lovers and picture buyers than ever before.

Hats off, say I, to the Association of American Painters and Sculptors.

Artists should be on their guard against the president of the Annanias Society, who lives less than a hundred miles from Rochester, and who signs "M. D." to his name when he does not deny his identity. He implies that he is a member of the purchasing committee that has been appointed to buy pictures for the museum of his town, and, as such, claims from artists the discounts usually made by them on museum purchases.

In proof of the fact that he holds the above mentioned position of president by right, I will mention some samples by which he qualified while here recently. He spent an hour or two examining pictures by a single artist and when

advised to go to this artist's studio to make his acquaintance and see more of his pictures, he replied that he never went to artists' studios. He went very promptly, however, and when asked if he had seen the pictures on exhibition here replied that he had not been in the Macbeth Gallery in seven years! On his second visit here on the following day he added convincingly to his first record, and, as we had found out between his visits that he was wholly unknown to his alleged fellow members on the art purchasing committee, the vote taken in the gallery on his departure was unanimous in favor of giving him the title already referred to. The "art committee member" plea happily did not work here, but we learn that it was successful elsewhere; hence this warning for the future.

I have often been asked to explain why pictures by a goodly number of American artists command small prices in the auction room. I believe there are several reasons, and chief among them is that buyers prefer to wait for larger choice from the work of any individual, even if more has to be paid than in the auction room. Many refrain from buying for the same reason that they prefer not to make purchases direct from the artists, but to buy from dealers. It frequently happens that a purchased picture proves disappointing in the home and if purchased from a dealer there is rarely any diffi-

culty in effecting an exchange for the work of another artist. This is not possible in the cases of purchases made in studios or auction rooms.

Then of course there is additional reason in the desire to possess rare canvases, as opportunity offers, to the present apparent neglect of pictures by living men.

Since writing the above the buyer of an occasional picture summed up his remarks in favor of buying from a dealer in words worth repeating. They run thus: "A man needing a pill does not go to a pill maker for advice, he goes to a doctor who knows the pills of various makers."

No collectors of American pictures can make a representative collection without securing examples of the great artists who have passed away. It is a pity, however, that so many purchasers of an occasional picture should direct so much attention to these increasingly rare canvases. We have now such a splendid group of contemporary artists that it would be far better to seek out the best by them at comparatively moderate prices. More pictures could thus be secured, and, if selected with good judgment, the investment would be a wise one from the business point of view.

Although special catalogued exhibitions will probably be at an end for this season when this issue of ART NOTES appears, there will always be found a goodly number of pictures worth seeing in all our galleries throughout the spring and summer. It is very gratifying to find so many visitors who care to come here repeatedly to see the exhibitions and to feel that they have learned that they are always welcome in whatever capacity they come.

As usual the season brought many worthy canvases that would have been shown gladly had it been possible. It is not easy to make artists understand that there are any limitations of either time or space in exhibition galleries. Among the several hundred canvases submitted there was the usual proportion of "terrors" that often taxed patience, but these, I suppose, must always exist, just why, no one knows.

I wonder if picture buyers and picture dealers realize the size of their debt of gratitude to the art critics who do so much to give information regarding picture exhibitions.

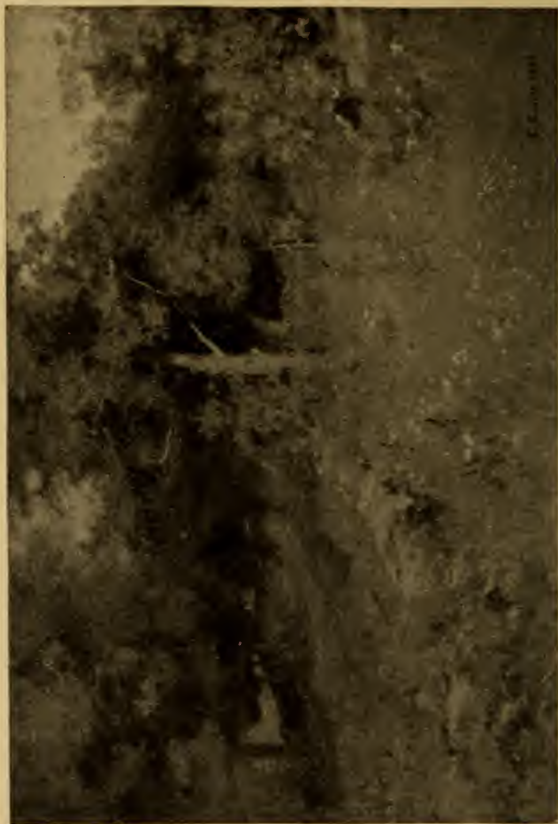
The task is a big one, and frequently an unpleasant one, but it seems to be met cheerfully and conscientiously.

As a rule, opinions are expressed very plainly—they would have little value otherwise—but I fear that the man who speaks disparagingly of a show is too often adjudged incompetent, instead

of being commended for honesty. The critics deserve much pity and a large measure of gratitude.

Mr. Hawthorne has returned from his winter of work in Paris and will shortly go to his Provincetown home for the summer. His return was hastened that he might be in time to serve on the jury for the selection of pictures for the coming Carnegie Gallery exhibition in Pittsburgh.

A total of over two hundred thousand dollars for a collection of American pictures is a goodly sum. This was the result of the recent sale of Mr. Evans' pictures, and that the pictures did not bring much higher prices was probably due to the absence, with few exceptions, of star pictures. Mr. Evans' generosity in presenting to the National Gallery in Washington many of his choicest possessions, lowered the average quality of the remainder very considerably. In spite of this, and of the prevalent feeling of uncertainty in the business world, the prices reached were, as a rule, very satisfactory. For reasons mentioned elsewhere, the work of some living artists was sold at low prices. Among them were pictures by a few men whose studio prices are unreasonably high, and if these men take to heart the lesson of the sale, their pictures will have a wider circulation in future.



SUMMER FOLIAGE

GEORGE INNESS

The landscape by George Inness here reproduced is one of his well known canvases. It appeared at public sale in 1895, when Mr. Richard H. Halsted's choice collection of twenty Inness pictures was sold. Mr. Thomas B. Clarke was the purchaser, and at the sale of his collection, in 1899, the picture was again sold. It is one of the very finest of the artist's green pictures. It was painted in 1883 and measures 30 x 45 inches.

I shall be glad to show it to any persons who may be interested.

As a rule I have not been much in sympathy with the American artists who choose to expatriate themselves. I find, however, that I have to make exceptions in the cases of Richard E. Miller of St. Louis and F. C. Friesike of Michigan. Their work is so thoroughly personal, so full of fine quality and beauty, that I have to forgive them for forsaking their native land.

Neither would have gained the same distinction and recognition had he plodded along at home. Both men are represented in the gallery of the Luxembourg and in several other foreign galleries. Both have been awarded the Temple Gold Medal by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and are represented in the permanent collections of almost every public gallery in this country. It was for his exhibit of this year

that Mr. Frieseke was awarded the coveted Philadelphia Temple Gold Medal. The picture which earned him this distinction is now on exhibition here.

He and Mr. Miller have been among the most successful exhibitors here this season.

Mr. Guy Rose, a native of California, has been another of the artists who have gained foreign recognition.

The lure of his native land has for him been so strong that he has been forced to give up his foreign residence and to establish himself in the art centre of this country, which, of course means a New York residence. He has several times been represented in exhibitions in my gallery and his exhibits have been much enjoyed. They have been of tender poetic landscape subjects of beauty and quality.

The increased attention being given to early American portraits is very marked but is accompanied by a deplorable feature. A few instances have occurred where extraordinarily high prices have been paid for such portraits. As a consequence, owners have been given such an exaggerated idea of values that it has been impossible for museums and individuals who are unwilling, or unable, to pay several times the intrinsic value of pictures, to acquire them. It is to the auction room after all that we have to

look for the establishing of values. An individual may, by a good salesman, be induced to part with a big sum in order to secure a desired picture, but the same, when offered for open competition, is apt to be sold at a fair valuation.

In spite of me, one man shows were more in evidence here during the past season than the group exhibitions of which I more fully approve. I hope for more strength of mind in future with which to resist the craving of a majority of artists to "go it alone." To the public, I know that a group exhibition, which includes the work of several artists, is more acceptable than an exhibition of the pictures of a single artist.

The man who cannot show his worth in four or five canvases in a group, with others working in sympathy with him, will make no better impression with a gallery full of his own pictures only. Indeed one of the best ways in which to bore frequenters of galleries is to show a large group of pictures by any artist who has not a very real claim to distinction. In the future, visitors to this gallery may be assured there will be enough variety in every exhibition to enlist their interest.

I am glad to be able to announce that I have a goodly number of portraits by early American painters from Stuart to Sully. I shall be glad to show them on request to any who are interested.

As an upsetter of ideas in regard to values, I commend the artist to distinguished consideration. He sometimes, not always, knows a lot about artistic worth, but he is woefully ignorant in regard to commercial values. In proof of this I have in mind two recent instances. A pupil and admirer of Inness was recently called on to appraise an excellent picture by that distinguished artist. He promptly named forty thousand dollars as its worth. It sold for six thousand dollars! The opinion of another, consulted in regard to a portrait by Stuart, held by its owner at the high price of six thousand dollars, was that it would be a crime to sell it for less than fifteen thousand dollars! No wonder that it remains unsold. As few artists know the value of their own pictures or can be depended on to decide on their best canvases, it is worse than useless to expect them to give valuable advice in regard to the work of other artists either ancient or modern except in regard to their artistic worth. Even in this latter respect they are apt to be prejudiced through their personal limitations.

"Sacred Fire," the most distinguished of the fine works in marble exhibited here, early in the season, by Mr. Chester Beach, is again on view. It is a fine achievement and deserves cordial approval. It should find a place in a prominent collection.

Some time next season, I hope to make an exhibition of pictures by George Fuller. In the interval I should be glad to hear from owners of this distinguished artist's pictures who would be willing to lend them for this purpose. The exhibition will not be made unless it is likely to be thoroughly representative.

Of late there has been a good deal of discussion over the proposal to give to artists, or to their heirs, a proportion of the enhanced prices paid for pictures at public sales.

While full of sympathy for artists who have failed to gain early recognition for their work, I confess I have not, as yet, been convinced of the justice of this proposed scheme. That an artist should be in straightened circumstances while his pictures are being eagerly competed for at previously unheard of prices, is certainly a seeming hardship. The owners of them, however, who bought them at prices prevailing at the time of purchase, took all chances of future fluctuations in values. It is probably true that a majority of buyers find themselves, after a few years, in possession of pictures worth less than they paid for them. It seems to me there would be as much reason in planning to reimburse them for loss as in attempting to rob the discriminating minority of a portion of the enhanced value of their possessions. Real estate, and many other possessions, rise and fall in value as years go by, and

the actual owners, not former ones, are forced to accept the conditions whether advantageous or otherwise.

As I see the case, makers of pictures and their heirs should gracefully do the same.

The National Academy has at last "come to earth" in its quest of a site for a large new gallery, possibly as a result of the exhibition in the Lexington Avenue Armory which proved that the public will go anywhere to see pictures that interest them. Anyhow the very sane decision to purchase the property adjoining the Fine Arts Society building in West 57th Street is highly commendable. I hope it will speedily be made available and that it will be called on to house exhibitions that will include the best of which all schools of native art are capable. Public confidence once secured, the Academy can reckon on a wider recognition and support than have been accorded to it in the past.

There has been some very unjust criticism of Mr. Morgan for his neglect of American art. If he had given attention to it, there would, of course, have been much direct benefit to all concerned, but I am of opinion that he indirectly did immensely more than could have been accomplished by any liberal scheme of purchasing.

By giving our artists extraordinary opportunity to see and study the accepted great art of other days, he helped them in the best possible way. The lessons he put before them in the Metropolitan Museum have not always been heeded, to be sure, but the best of influences are there and will last and be felt indefinitely.

Many canvases that pretend to present an entirely new method, or movement, are frequently submitted here.

I was recently entertaining a visitor by showing him such a performance. He recognized in it a close following of a certain Frenchman unknown over here. "This artist," said he, "owes much to my French artist friend, especially an apology."

The Carnegie Gallery in Pittsburgh, and the Albright Gallery in Buffalo, offer to summer travellers the best of an excuse for a stop-over in each city. The former is international in scope, always very important, and the latter, devoted entirely to American pictures, makes an annual high record.

The artist cannot create art until he has mastered the craftsmanship to utter it. * * * The Academic steep themselves in tradition. The right thought is ever the wrong thought to them—they are suspicious of life, resentful of vitality. * * * Art is that human faculty whereby a man is enabled to communicate the impressions aroused in his senses to his fellow man, whereby his fellows can become partakers of his impression and thereby add to their experience. *Haldane Macfall.*

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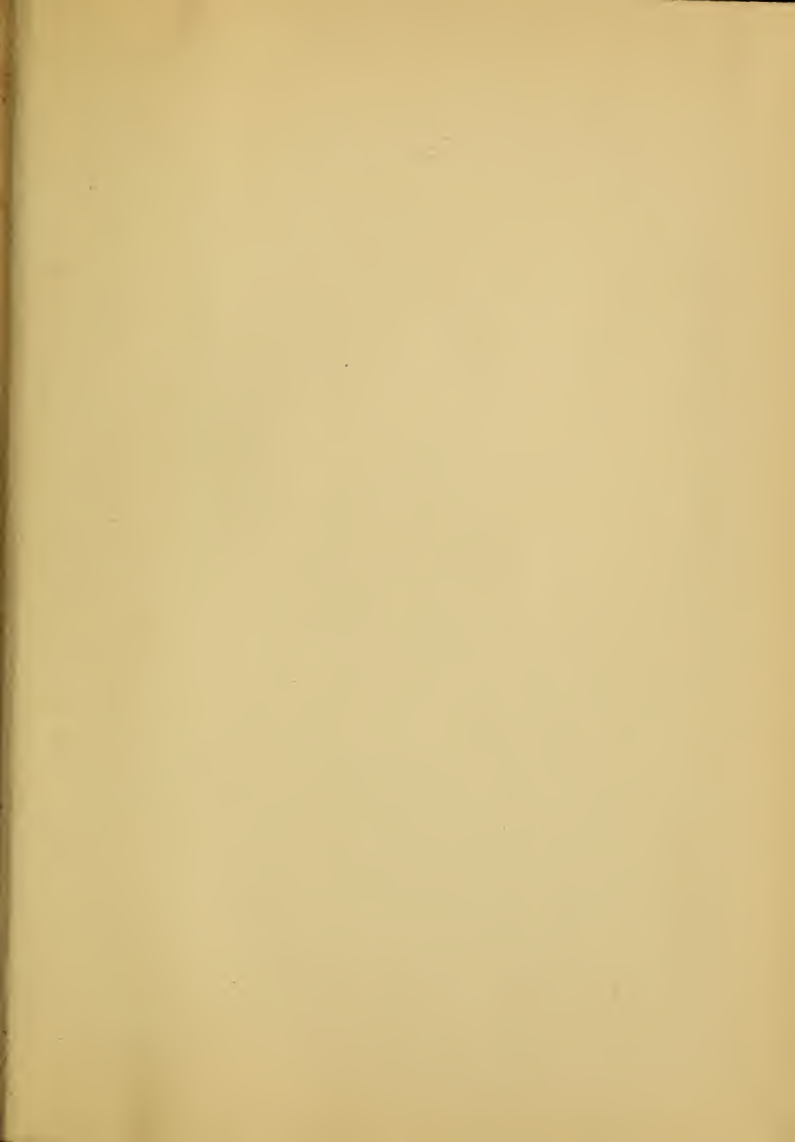
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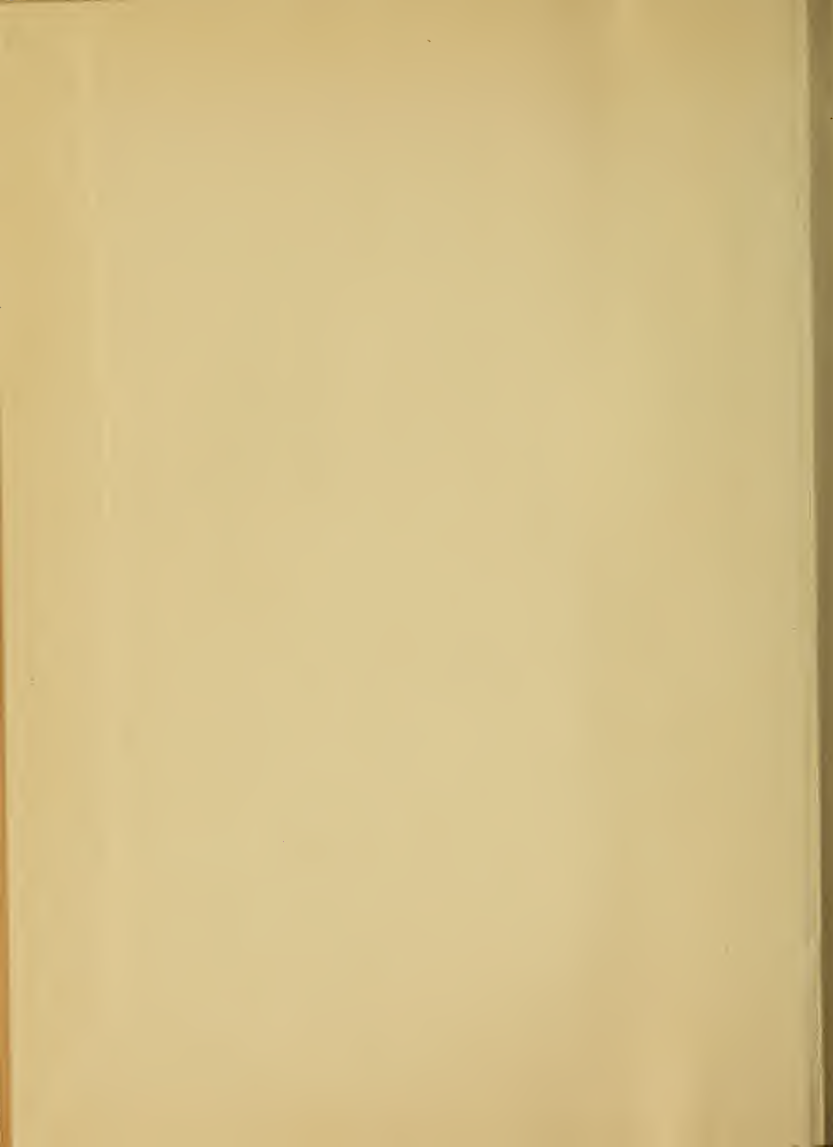
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